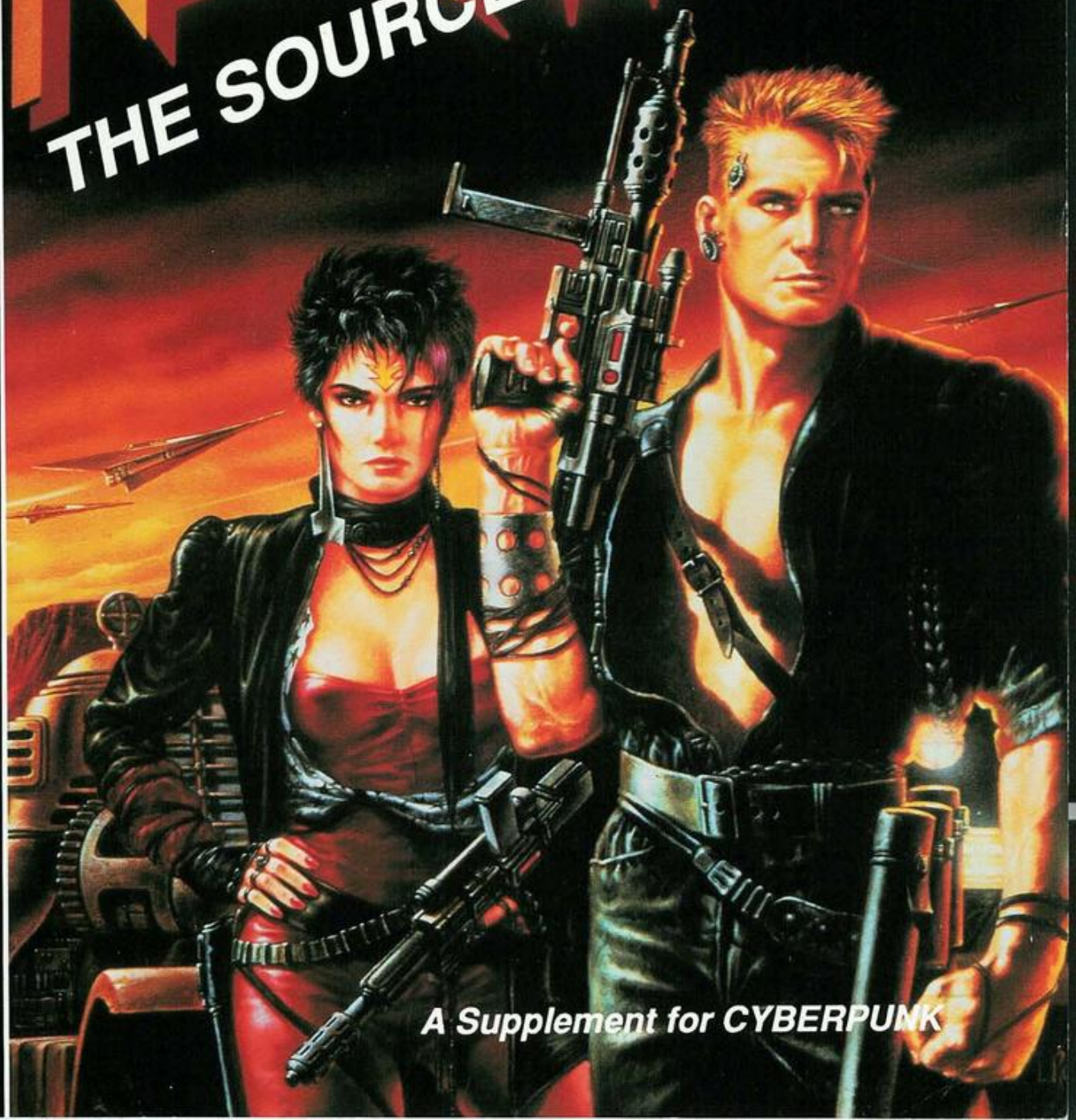
CYBERPUNK

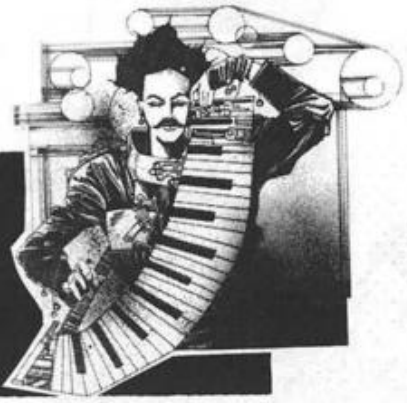
WALTER JON WILLIAMS

HARDWIRED

THE SOURCEBOOK



A Supplement for CYBERPUNK



HARDWIRED
THE SOURCEBOOK

BY WALTER JON WILLIAMS

R. TALSORIAN GAMES INC.

An R.Talsorian Games Product
Published by R. Talsorian Games
P.O. Box 7356, Berkeley, CA 94707

Stock #CP 3301
ISBN #0-937279-07-2

Other Works by Walter Jon Williams
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Knight Moves
Hardwired
Voice of the Whirlwind
Angel Station [coming July 1989]

Divertimenti:

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Contents

BACKGROUND 2

PUNK VS. HARDWIRED 16

DRUGS & COMBAT 26

NETRUNNER 46

Trojan's Run: 59
A NetRunning example

ADVENTURES 67

92° in the shade 68
The Sporting Club 74
To Skin a Cat 78
Nobody's Angel 82
Panama 86
The Bushwacked Piano 90

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BACKGROUND

Hardwired is a novel by Walter Jon Williams (itself available wherever fine books are sold). You don't have to read the book to use this source-book, but you do need a copy of the basic Cyberpunk set.

Harrison Fong

FORWARD

Reading the original novel, however, may help your characters survive. You never know when you may need the information that a close reading of the book may provide. (Heh heh heh...)

Hardwired contains a number of rule variations for *Cyberpunk*, additions, suggestions, and modifications. None of these are mandatory: feel free to pick and choose. It's probably a good idea if the referee and his players all got together and decided which of the rules they were going to use, but I'm not going to make you do it. Consider yourself in Freedom City.

The adventures contained herein are not set in the *Cyberpunk* future as delineated in the *Cyberpunk* sourcebook or anywhere else. They're unique to this book. You'll have to create new characters, or new analogs of your old characters, and learn a whole new lingo.

Sorry about that. But, after all, nobody said the future was gonna be easy.

First, a word about how it all got this way:

AFTER THE ECOCAUST

The year is 2151. Things are bad on planet Earth. Due to the one-two punch of a smothering greenhouse effect and the depletion of the ozone layer, planetary warming has resulted in a continuing reduction of the polar ice caps and the inundation of coastal areas. Global temperatures continue to rise, a new record every year.

Desperate farmers planted more and irrigated more. Overused land eroded, choking rivers with silt. The water table grew ever lower. Traditional crops were not suitable to the new global climates and withered in the fields.

Other economies underwent transformation. Fossil fuels grew scarce or, in the wake of the post-greenhouse climate, grew ecologically unsuitable. Power beamed down from space via microwave seemed one solution. Heavy industry was already moving into orbit, where pollution wasn't a problem and where robot labor could perform most of the work.

PRELUDE TO WAR

The space economies blossomed. With cheap energy, unlimited recources, and the best brains and finest technology available, the economies sitting on top of the gravity well— known collectively as "Orbitals"— began to generate enormous wealth, wealth gigantic in relation to their numbers. The Orbitals also began to chafe at the various regulatory and military agencies which were supposed to be supervising them. Why, the Orbitals wondered, should their agenda be dictated by bureaucrats and politicians who had never been in space, and whose outlook was limited to strictly terrestrial, nationalistic, or partisan concerns? Particularly when the gross profit of the average Orbital concern was higher than the average GNP of any ten Earth governments?

At which point the Orbitals, who up until then had been considered Earth's saviors, began to seem downright menacing. People began to notice that the Orbital solar power satellites beaming energy to the rectenna fields of Earth might also be used to cook entire cities like roasts in a microwave oven. The massdrivers in orbit and on Luna, capable of firing 10,000-ton hunks of nickel-iron intended to make up radiation shielding for future space settlements, might also start tossing those rocks at targets on the planet. Space defense technology, meant to blow apart enemy ICBMs in the boost phase, could also preemptively cook them right in their silos.

The Orbitals agitated. Earth's politicians, backed by their desperate populations, refused Orbital demands.

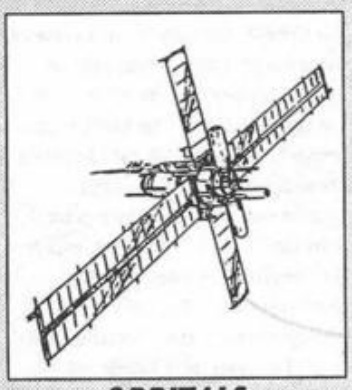
The war lasted about 12 hours.

If you really want to— this is, after all, Freedom City—you can say that the Hardwired universe is the Cyberpunk universe about forty years later. But they really are fairly incompatible in terms of tech and so on, and you'll have to figure out a way to resolve the problem on your own

.—Walter

Not really. Referees are always figuring out ways to mix totally incompatible facts. Walter's just underestimating how devious you guys really are.

—Mike



ORBITALS.

Huge, rotating cylinders made up of lunar rock, shot into L-5 orbit by massdrivers and fused together by nuclear lasers. Other Orbitals are simply huge asteroids, towed in from the Belt by tow rockets and placed in orbit at the Lagrange points. Most Orbitals are self contained worlds, with gravity, air, water, vegetation and population in the hundreds of thousands.

MASSDRIVERS.

These are huge railguns which are based both in orbit and on Luna.

THE HIT LIST:

Some Cities on Earth that took a Rock.

- ✔ Mombassa
- ✔ Calcutta
- ✔ Atlanta
- ✔ Colorado Springs
- ✔ Omaha

THE ORBITAL WAR

The Orbital War stands out as one of those tragic, heroic moments of military history (like the Charge of the Light Brigade). The Earth Forces primarily flew vehicles called cutters. These lightweight, suborbital fighters were launched into orbit by solid fuelled rocket boosters, much like the space shuttles of today. Once reaching orbit, they could deploy chemical laser batteries, self-guided missiles, and kinetic kill weapons to destroy Orbital platforms. This wasn't an empty threat. One one-hundred pound kinetic kill missile could shred a thousand-ton Orbital station to tinfoil. Lead by their legendary leader, Major General Allen Townsend, the azure-scarved cutter-jocks rode their fiery chariots skyward to do battle with the Orbital knights.

Except, tragically, most of the Earth Forces never made it that far. Microwave, laser and particle beam satellites ripped into the helpless cutters as they rose off the pads. Those that made it into orbit (about10%), were torn apart by the Orbitals' own cutters.

ROCK SOCKY

During the Rock War, Earth's defenders were flattened principally by mass-driven meteors, the aforementioned 10,000-ton rocks that each landed with the force of an atomic bomb. Earth's space forces were blown apart by Orbital jocks firing weapons built in their own orbital factories— it was the Orbital aerospace companies, after all, who had designed Earth's defenses in the first place; and they understood Earth's weaknesses as well as its strengths. So complete was the victory that the solar power satellites never actually had to cook much of anything. Just a few locations, here and there, to demonstrate the power of the technology.

The Orbitals not only won their independence from Earth; they re-shaped it in their own image. Terrestrial space facilities were occupied by Orbital forces. Armed forces were severely limited by treaty. The terrestrial aerospace industry became highly restricted: even most commercial air flights were forbidden. The great powers were forcibly balkanized. Any large economic blocs that weren't Orbitals to begin with were simply appropriated.

THE BAD GUYS

A Partial List of Orbitals and Their Interests.

Though the Orbitals sometimes engage in conflict with one another, these conflicts tend to be over Earth resources and/or companies that more than one Orbital wishes to appropriate. A direct takeover by one Orbital of another is fairly rare, although when it happens, the means used are anything short of outright warfare. Here are some of the major players.

The United Orbital Soviet: The Orbital "government," such as it is. The Orbital Soviet has control over Orbital military forces and the power to requisition funds and/or support for defense of the Orbitals' power. Each Orbital company has a seat on the Orbital Congress, though its president, Anatoly Korsunsky, has near-unlimited power in those areas encompassed by his mandate. A huge majority of the Congress would be required to unseat him or to undo one of his decisions. The Orbital Soviet also controls the Orbital Bank.

Tempel Pharmaceuticals I.G.: This pharmaceutical and chemical company began in a 19th Century German century dye works and has since become one of the solar system's largest and most profitable combines. Includes agribusiness and banking divisions.

Pointsman Pharmaceuticals: A pharmaceutical company that specializes in behavior-altering chemicals. Also owns Modernbody, with its worldwide chain of cosmetic-surgery and cyberwear clinics.

Korolev I.G.: Formerly known as the Korolev Bureau, this company is the corporate descendant of the Soviet space program and specializes in efficient, state-of-the-art space transportation. Its Artificial Intelligence Division is responsible for many breakthroughs in computer sciences.

Mikoyan-Gurevich: Another corporate descendent of one of the Soviet aerospace design bureaus, Mikoyan-Gurevich has expanded into a vast company with interests in agribusiness—having reclaimed (largely for itself) large areas of the Ukraine and South America— technology (a very large computer division)—and optics (with its recent acquisition of Kikuyu Optics I.G., the Kenyan tribal-owned optics company).

Tupolev: Yet another descendant of a Soviet design bureau, Tupolev has remained principally in aerospace.

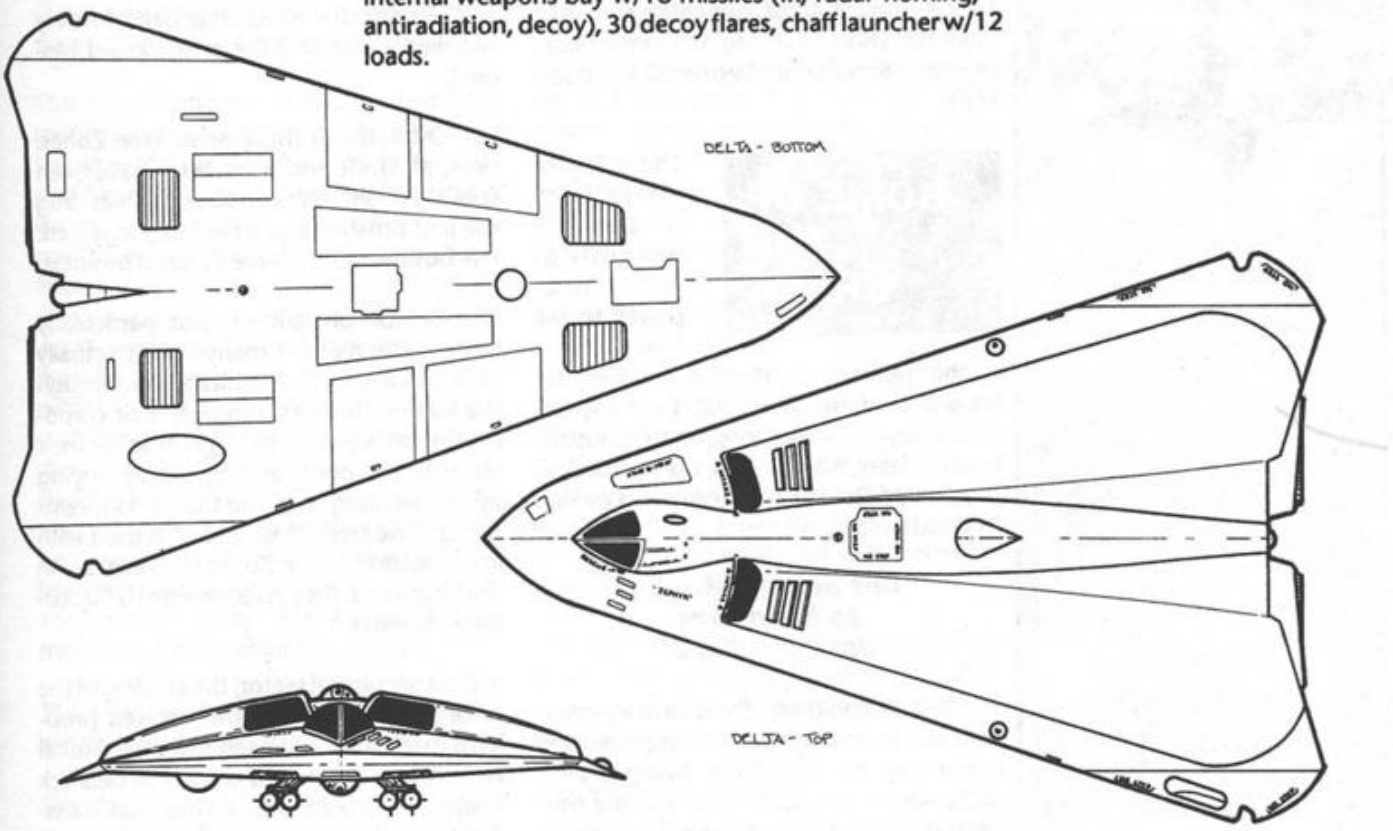
Pink Blossom: Originally a Chinese textile company, Pink Blossom has expanded into a system-wide chain of microwave power transmitters and receivers.

Yoyodyne: Once a toy manufacturer in New York, Yoyodyne became a major U.S. defence contractor, expanding into metallurgy, A.I., aerospace, and plastics, before becoming its own plutocratic state.

DELTA

The following design is typical, though as with all homebuilts, there is wide variation:

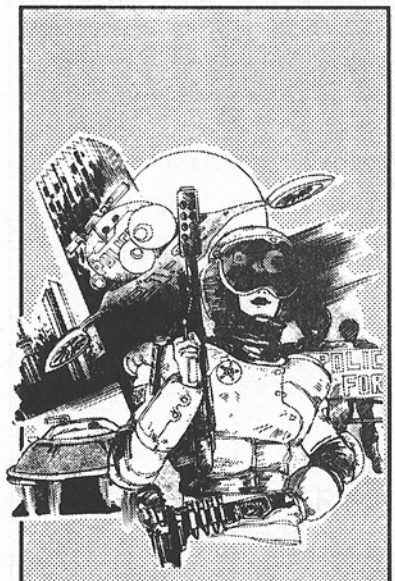
Length: 77 ft. 4 in.
Span: 41 ft.
Powerplant: 2 Rolls-Royce Pegasus 2000-0N military-surplus turbofans w/27,400lbs thrust each.
Max speed: 2.6 Mach.
Maneuvering speed: 1.3 Mach.
Crew: 1 or 2.
Armament: Dorsal and ventral 30mm gatling guns in pop-up turrets, internal weapons bay w/16 missiles (IR, radar-homing, antiradiation, decoy), 30 decoy flares, chaff launcher w/12 loads.



CUTTER

Karl Martin

Length: 44 ft. 6 in.
Span: 21 ft.
Powerplant: 1 Morton Thiokol MK-1432A solid fuel booster for orbital insertion; two Aerojet FA-1115 liquid-fueled engines w/ 44,200lbs thrust each.
Max speed: 6.3 Mach.
Maneuvering speed: 3.5 Mach.
Crew: 1
Armament: Dorsal mounted chemical laser in pop-up turret, two internal weapon bays w/6 missiles (radar-homing), 6 fire-and-forget kinetic kill weapons.
There is a larger version of this vehicle called a frigate.



Medellin Associates I.G.: The financial descendent of 20th Century Colombian entrepreneurs, Medellin controls a huge transportation cartel, principally in North and South America. They are also heavily into banking and finance.

Osmanian Source A.G.: Unusual for an Orbital, Osmanian is a family-owned concern, the family consisting of an extended Somali kin-network with a perpetual lease on the Horn of Africa launching site. As a manufacturing concern, Osmanian concentrates almost entirely on military spacecraft.

HOME OF THE BRAVE

The U.S. provides a pretty good example of what happened to the former Earthly powers. In retrospect, it reminds historians of the late 19th Century; the Gilded Age, in which enormous industrial trusts—Steel, Banking, Oil, the Railroads—subdivided the U.S. economy and owned its politicians.

But nobody listens to historians anyway, right?

The Rock War extended and gave a permanent cast to demographic changes already under way, principally the disappearance of the American middle class and the concentration of wealth at the very top of society. Principally this was accomplished through taxation: the rich could avoid taxes, the poor had nothing to tax, and so the middle classes lost their wealth to programs that acted in favor of everyone else.

In the U.S., 2% of the population owns 85% of the wealth. Another 4%, what remains of the American middle class, controls most of the remaining 15%. The other 94% control little wealth other than that represented by their own bodies and a sackfull of personal possessions.

The United States has become a Third World country.

The United Orbital Soviet directly controls certain areas of the U.S. This includes Southern California (security is particularly thick around the civilian spaceport at Vandenburg and the military field at Edwards), parts of the Texas gulf coast (where there are major command and control centers in Houston, and a spaceport on the coast), and Florida (to which has been forcibly annexed Cuba and the area around Mobile).

The Orbitals call these areas Free Zones. Here, all tariffs and most taxes have been abolished. Victimless crimes, such as drug use and prostitution, have been legalized. The business of the Free Zones is business.

The Orbital presence is not particularly heavy. There aren't many troops actually in occupation. The Orbitals rule through the local authorities, through their corporate goon squads, through fear of their ultimate weapons, and by simply buying up or co-opting anything that looks threatening. The term "Free Zone" is used with irony outside of the Zones themselves. In the Heartland, the preferred term is "Occupied America."

In the agricultural sector, the eroding of the once-prosperous farmland created problems that could only be solved with Orbital technology. Farmland eroded to bedrock could be injected with a virus that transformed bedrock to topsoil, but the process was expensive and most farmers couldn't afford it. Orbital agribusiness companies bought up the farmland cheap and now run their huge farms largely via automation. Those farmers supervising the robot planters and harvesters have become contract workers on what was formerly their own land.

Outside the Free Zones, federal authority has been greatly diminished. The US dollar is inflated to the point of worthlessness. States' rights principles have triumphed through the Orbital policy of encouraging balkanization. Laws differ widely from

state to state. Victimless crimes are legal in some places, illegal in others. Some states cherish civil rights more than others; some are run by Orbital satraps as virtual fiefdoms.

In some states you can carry weapons openly; in others, firearms are suppressed. Since the Federal authority no longer controls interstate commerce, and with liquidity being so easily transferred by electric media, states raise money largely through tariffs on good crossing their own borders. States near the Free Zones prosper, and states further away wither on the vine.

This chaotic situation is made to order for individuals with certain freebooting entrepreneurial talents. If weapons or drugs are cheap and legal in the Free Zones, and expensive and illegal elsewhere, a nice profit can be made moving such items from one place to another. Nor is this type of free enterprise confined to illegal goods. A fine profit can be made simply moving legal goods from one place to another without paying the interstate tariff. Remember that there are such things as legal drugs: antibiotics and other medications, and that people die when they can't afford them. Remember, say these smugglers, that some people might have a perfectly legitimate need for crates of Heckler & Koch assault rifles with armor-piercing rounds and self-consuming casings.

These entrepreneurs like to think they're just helping people get what they need.

The entrepreneurs in question are known as thirdmen, from the swashbuckling, penicillin-smuggling character of Harry Lime, as played by Orson Welles in an old movie. The *Cyberpunk* character class of "Fixer" seems to sum them up pretty well.

MOTION IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT

Aiding the thirdmen in their profitable quest for economic democracy are the smugglers themselves, available in several types. The old breed were known as **deltajocks** from their illegal aircraft—"deltas"— with which they delivered goods across the airspace of the interdicted states. Deltas were not airplanes precisely, more like high-powered aerodynamic shapes packed with cargo. But the states began to put up their own air forces, and eventually deltas became too vulnerable to developing aero-police technology.

Panzerboys: The new smugglers are called "panzerboys", after 20th century butter smugglers who ran armored cars across the Dutch-Belgian border in the face of Belgian tariffs on Dutch dairy products. (I'm not making this up, you know.) Their "panzers" are hovercraft protected by slabs of laminate armor, powered by delta-surplus jet engines, and equipped with defensive rockets and gatling guns.

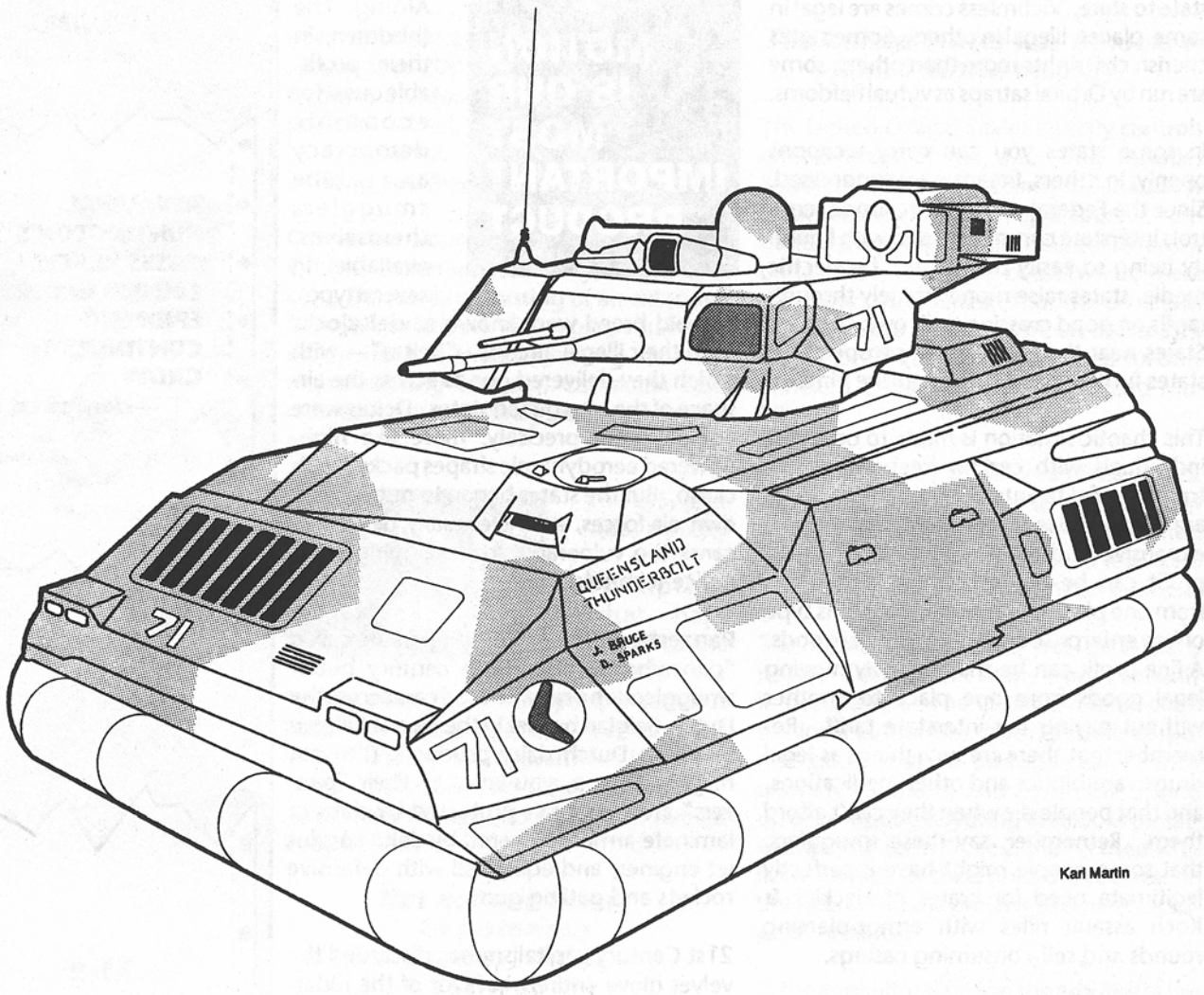
21st Century capitalism has discarded the velvet glove entirely in favor of the radar-homing, lightly-armored, fire-and-forget steel fist.

DELTAS

Deltas are homebuilt smuggling aircraft, using technology liberated from (or given away by) defunct terrestrial aerospace companies following the Rock War. They are large cargo-haulers whose comparative lack of maneuverability is made up for by heavy armament and multiple redundancy. The skin tends to be made from radar-resistant laminates, and the body an aerodynamic shape with no obvious control surfaces.

NEW VIRAL HUNTINGTON'S CASES REACH 100,000 IN U.S. EPIDEMIC CONTINUES TO GROW
—Hardwired.

The Third Man (1949)
British
★★★★
Directed by Carol Reed
Starring Orson Wells, Joseph Cotten, Trevor Howard.
104 minutes.
Available on video.



Karl Martin

PANZER

The following design is typical, though as with all homebuilts, there is wide variation:

Length: 52 ft., 4 in.
Width: 19 ft., 1 inch.
Powerplant: 2 Tupolev-Kuznetzov NK102 turbojets w/12,500lbs thrust each.
Max Speed: 240mph (flat terrain)
Maneuvering Speed: 105 mph (flat terrain)
Crew: 1 pilot, passengers 3
Armor: Chobham 7 laminate.
Armament: Dorsal 30mm gatling gun in pop-up turret, 2 weapons pods w/8 missiles each (IR, radar-homing, antiradia tion, decoy),chaff launcher w/12 loads. Optional: gas, grenade, or smoke launcher.

PANZERS

Panzers are also homebuilt smuggling vehicles, in this case ground-effects vehicles sitting on a self-sealing cushion. Propelled by ex-military jet engines, the panzers are a fast and dangerous ride. Cargo capacity is about that of a semitruck. As the panzers can generally outrun any ground-based defence, armaments tend to be anti-air. (Should there be sufficient public demand, *Panzerboy* may some day be a game of its own. Watch This Space.)

WHAT'S HOT

The following are cheap and available almost anywhere: electronics, recreational chemicals, light weapons (though local laws play a part here), large-scale gambling, certain cyber implants. The surface-to-air missiles used by the panzers are almost entirely homebuilt, using available electronics, laminate airframes, homemade propellant and explosives, and software ripped off from the military after the war.

WHAT'S NOT

The following are more expensive or harder to acquire: medicines and medical treatment, heavy weapons, Orbital citizenship, eternal life.

(Did I forget to mention eternal life?)

LIVING FOREVER

At least it's a possibility. The current technology allows a fractal analogue of the mind and personality to be stored temporarily in a liquid crystal medium, after which it is transferred to a clone of the original body. The technology is imperfect, and memory gaps and personality dysfunction frequently turn up in the newly reborn. [Rules for clone transfer: the fee is a flat $200,000 and takes about a week. You have to start with a live body; they can't resurrect the dead. Unless you make a Very Difficult Intelligence roll you get D3 rolls on the cyberpsychosis chart (pg. 20), just to make sure you have plenty of emotional problems right off the bat. These are all curable, given time and treatment. You also suffer a 2D10 Humanity Index loss. Current laws require the old body to be disposed of by lethal injection. The clone may also be grown as the opposite sex from the original body.

In general, it's not possible to plant a mind-analog in a strange body, at least not without a host of harmful side effects. If a character tries it, roll D100: 1-60, complete failure and rejection; 61-70, D6 rolls on the cyberpsychosis chart; 71-80, D6 rolls on the cyberpsychosis chart plus parkinsonism (Reflexes reduced to 1); 81-90 death; 91-100 normal transfer.)]

AMERICAN GRAFFITI

Defacing the walls of postwar America are spraycan messages from the following:

Ethical Nihilists: Ethical nihilism is a philosophy stating, in brief, that since it's all hopeless anyway, you might as well die in style. Known also as the "Buzzard Cult" (after a nihilistic religion apparently adopted by fin de siecle mound-builder Indians), the ENs are known for staging splashy, mediagenic mass suicides.

Some people will do anything to get on vid.

Gangs: Goes without saying.

Nomads: With so many displaced people around, some of them have adopted movement as a lifestyle. Travelling principally on all-terrain vehicles and dirt bikes, the nomads support themselves mainly by smuggling and minor theft, unlike the nomads of *Cyberpunk* , who are far more family and tribal in orientation. They're more of an annoyance than anything else to the authorities, who generally look the other way.

Pirates: Waterborne nomads, the pirates live in the semi-submerged coastal areas, and support themselves through aquaculture, smuggling by powerboat, or a mixture of both. Some very well-equipped

CLONING

Cloning is achieved by implanting DNA from the client into a host egg cell, which then grows a copy-zygote. This is a fairly simple process, compared with changing the genetic structure (the required gene mapping has not yet been fully completed by the time of Hardwired). This means that while clones can be created, true bio-engineering is a a dozen years away.

HEARTS AND MINDS

The basis of Hardwired cybernetics is no longer the silicon chip but fiberoptics combined with advanced ceramics and liquid crystal technology. The processors themselves are formed of liquid crystal (hereafter LC), just like the displays in old-fashioned electric calculators. LC can be reconfigured almost at will, and which is immune to electromagnetic pulse and various other hazards that the fast life is heir to. "Crystal" is shorthand for electronics: the processors themselves are known as "hearts." Without the hearts, the minds would die.

DID I FORGET TO MENTION THE PLAGUE?

A few years after the Rock War outbreaks of a new disease began, known from the symptoms as viral Huntingdon's. Prewar Huntingdon's Chorea was a hereditary disease; this new form can be spread by viral contact. The symptoms begin appearing some years after the initial infection, and a large percentage of humanity, including the Orbitals, are thought to have been infected. The symptoms— dementia, loss of muscular control and function, loss of speech— develop over the course of several months, and always end in death.

cont. page 10 side bar

cont. from page 9

Some anti-Orbital propagandists claim that viral Huntingdon's was deliberately spread by the Orbitals during or after the war, and insist that it only got loose in the Orbital habitats due to careless handling of the toxin. Others say the disease was created by chance, when a virus ligated with the gene structure of a Huntington's sufferer, and was spread worldwide by postwar disruptions. Whatever the cause, eliminating the disease is now a top priority of all those in authority. Whoever can come up with a cure (or steal the cure from those who do) will earn a large fortune in royalties. The symptoms are so gruesome that people will pay or do anything to prevent their being victimized.

TAMPA'S TOTALS OVERNITE, 28 FOUND DEAD IN CITY LIMITS.. LUCKY WINNERS PAY OFF AT 15 TO 1. POLICE BLAME RECORD HEAT WAVE.

— Hardwired

pirates, in particularly lawless waters, even indulge in classical piracy, boarding huge cargo ships and hovercraft at the point of their laser cannon.

Lotto sellers: There are a lot of private lotteries in existence, including the famous Body-Count Lotteries held in major cities, wherein betting runs hot and heavy on how many corpses are going to be discovered by the cops within a 24-hour period. People have even been known to try and fix lotteries of this type, resulting in the so-called Deep-Freeze Scandals of years past.

Immigrants: Political disruptions and the inundation of coastal areas have resulted in mass movements of populations, many of them ending up in the Home of the Brave. Large segments of the current U.S. populations were born in Latin America (Cuba even got annexed, remember?), the Caribbean (all those islands are getting smaller as the seas rise), and the Soviet Union. (The Orbitals balkanized the USSR into its various constituent national republics, most of whom expelled their ethnic Russians as their first act. The last place the white Russians wanted to go was back to Russia: many ended up in the USA.)

As with other waves of immigrants, these new arrivals had difficulty in becoming accepted and dealing with the local culture. As with other disadvantaged ethnic groups before them, some turned to crime. The ranks of thirdmen and their associates are frequently occupied by these recent arrivals, slugging it out for power with native American have-nots.

Cults: With hope being in such short supply, a lot of hucksters have arrived to help satisfy the demand. Religious or political cults are everywhere: recruiting, scavenging, panhandling, and sometimes bumping off the competition. Since a lot of the cult leaders' followers come from individuals who have burned out their brains with the use of recreational chemicals, these "zombie armies" would probably be a major concern of the authorities if the authorities didn't already have so much else to worry about.

Mercs: With most terrestrial armies highly restricted by treaty with the Orbitals, many governments have opted for simply hiring private armies owned or leased by someone else. Mercenary armies are frequently staffed by professional soldiers who were dismissed from regular armies following defeat in the Rock War. With all the competition, mercenary armies are compelled to maintain a very high standard and, where security work is concerned, are considered far less corruptible than local police or security forces. Several mercenary armies have incorporated (Gold Coast Maximum Law Corporation, or the French Foreign Legion, A.G.), and their stock rises and falls coincident with the eruption of chaos and disorder in violent parts of the globe.

Current global hot spots include the former Soviet Union, where the newly-constituted ethnic republics are slugging it out for supremacy; central Asia; and southeast Asia. Anyone finding work with a mercenary outfit may soon find him or herself flying off to a barracks placed anywhere from Estonia to Borneo.

ELSEWHERE

A brief recap of what's happening elsewhere in the world.

NEAR EARTH ORBIT & LUNA:

Over three hundred self-contained Orbital colonies and stations, ranging from 200-man platforms to titanic asteroid bases. There are three major cities on Luna, occupying underground warrens at Tycho, Copernicus and Kepler craters. All are under the complete control of the Orbital Soviet.

DEEP SPACE:

Exploration and mining as far out as Jupiter, with stations and work platforms in orbit around the gas giant and it's moons. One small base on Mars

CENTRAL/SOUTH AMERICA:

Relatively stable, though much of the land is ecologically fragile.

AFRICA:
Relatively stable, though economic and social systems are still staggering from the combined effects of the 20th-century AIDS epidemic and the multi-generation war for control of the African Cape.

NORTHEAST/SOUTHEAST ASIA:
Japan, Korea, and other east Asian countries have retained social stability, but their economies have faltered due to large amounts of their coastline being inundated. Recovery has been slowed by the necessity of exporting much of their top managerial talent as corporate mercenaries.

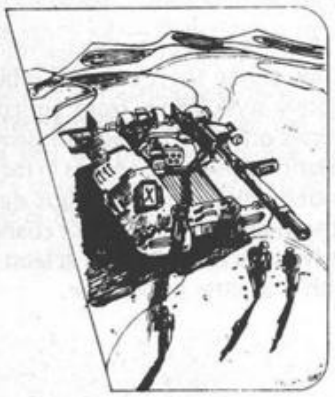
SOUTH PACIFIC:
Australia and New Zealand remain stable. The smaller islands are threatened with overpopulation and inundation.

INDIAN SUBCONTINENT:
Massive balkanization combined with constant ethnic turmoil, sometimes breaking into open warfare.

WESTERN EUROPE:
In a state of shock from disappearing coastline (not to mention economic and political empires). Nation-states developing a fortress mentality.

EASTERN EUROPE/RUSSIAN EMPIRE:
Estonia vs. Muscovy vs. Poland vs. Ukraine vs. Kalmyks vs. Armenians vs. Georgians vs. Khazakhs vs. Mongols vs. Siberiaks...

SOUTHWEST ASIA/MIDEAST:
Pathans vs. Uzbeks vs. Tajiks vs. Parsi vs. Baluchis vs. Arabs vs. Kurds vs. Turks vs. Palestinians vs. Zionists vs. Egyptians...



THE NEW CLASS SYSTEM

Orbital dominance has resulted in a class system as profound as that of the Middle Ages, though somewhat more mobile. At the absolute bottom are the lower classes: poor, diseased, rootless, and chronically short of hope. Above them are management classes—a fairly small number of fairly insecure people, since a lot of the actual managing is done by artificial intelligence. Above them are the Orbitals themselves: small in number, rich in money and information, near-absolute in authority, and paranoid in world-view.

The stratification of the population, as all else, is reflected by language. Like slaves and servants of old, most of the hoi polloi are referred to as "boy" or "girl." "Mudboy" and "dirtgirl" are phrases contemptuously used by the Orbitals for anyone living on Earth. "Jock" or "jockey" is reserved for those with high technical skills, and is a term that grants more respect: it admits a basic competence on the part of the individual so designated. Orbital astronauts and pilots are jockeys, as are the rebel deltajocks; high-class computer wizards are known as "crystaljocks" or "datajockeys."

NEWSPEAK
Slang for the 21st century.

AGRIPLEX: An agglomeration of farms with one central management complex. A modern-day capitalist collective farm.

BLOC: A cartel composed of Orbital concerns with similar capabilities and interests, i.e., the Aerospace Bloc, the Pharmaceutical Bloc.

BUTTONHEAD: A person addicted to stimulating the pleasure centers through interface sockets.

COLLARBOY: (derogatory) 1. A white-collar worker, 2. An Orbital employee, 3. An Orbital fellow-traveller.

NEW MODEL JOVIAN DRONESCOOP ANNOUNCED. PRICES OF GAS-PLANET PLASTICS EXPECTED TO EASE.
—Hardwired

"When she's on the ground, she likes to go slumming. Find herself a working girl—sometimes a dirtgirl, most often a jock..."

—Hardwired

CRYO MAX: A contemporary fashion based on 19th Century Russian romantic dress (cossack boots, colorful sashes, brocaded dolmans, etc.) mixed with hightech accretions, such as cybertech.

CRYSTAL: 1. A liquid crystal computer matrix, 2. Anything, such as an artificial intelligence, cybertech, or even software, using or operated by a LC matrix.

CRYSTALJOCKEY, CRYSTALJOCK: A computer user, a netrunner.

DELTA: (U.S. Slang) A smuggling aircraft.

DELTAJOCK: A delta pilot, an air smuggler.

DIRTGIRL: (derogatory Orbital slang) An Earth woman. See Mudboy.

EYE FACE: See Face.

FACE, I-FACE, EYE FACE: The interface.

HARDFIRE: Street slang for an Owari chemical trigger.

HEART: A liquid crystal matrix.

HOB: An international-style popular music, combining Western dance music with Afro/Arab and Asian rhythms, themes, and modes.

I-FACE: See Face.

-JOCKEY, -JOCK: A person with technical skills of a high order, i.e., deltajock, crystaljock.

LINEFOOT: Nomad slang for anyone not a nomad.

LITEJACK: A type of popular music/performance art in which multiple instruments are played, through the face, by a single musician.

MAXIMUM, MAX: Good, superlative.

MINIMUM: Bad, sorrowful.

MUDBOY: (derogatory Orbital slang) An Earth man. See Dirtgirl.

PANZER: An armored smuggling hovercraft.

PANZERBOY: The driver of a panzer.

RUNNING THE LINE: Panzerboy slang for carrying contraband from one place to another.

THATCH: A type of psychotic killer.

THIRDMAN: A middleman, often in the smuggler or criminal underground.

VENICE: Any part of a flooded coastal city.

ZONEDANCE: Dancing turned into a dominance game. A dancer attempts to persuade, by charisma, talent, or violence, other dancers within his "zone" to conform to his movements. Challenging because other dancers are often listening to other music via cyberaudio.

GETTING OFF

Talented and lucky individuals have been known to rise from the lowest classes to the highest, but a lot more have died or burned out trying. Also common is the attempt to sidestep the oppressive system by using certain of its characteristics— rootlessness, the swift manipulation of data, and the easy availability of electronics, weapons, and drugs— to one's own benefit. Nomads, pirates, thirdmen, crystal hackers and so forth generally do not aspire to membership in the Orbitals; they just want to carve out their own niche free from interference.

Not all these groups operate on the fringes of the law, either: there's been a rebirth of cooperative-style living, from agricultural communes on what remains of privately-owned land to self-help groups in the ruins of bombed cities. These groups demonstrate the view that if you can't change an oppressive structure, you can at least try to deal with it as little as possible.

Still, a lot of these groups have become part of the problem. In order to exist as an independent entity, you have to be fast, tough, and exclusive. You can't let everyone in, because that would water down the substance of your message or the efficiency of your social unit. The powerful mercenary outfits like to think of themselves as independent, but they serve the power structure both by fighting for Orbital interests directly and by aiding in the destruction of Earth nation-states. The thirdmen move product in violation of oppressive tariff regulations, but they also act to suppress competition, engage in internecine warfare, and undertake the corruption of the civil authority by every means possible.

Nobody elected any of these guys, after all.

HOPE AND GLORY

Hope is the major currency among those who want to climb out of the muck and achieve some kind of status among their fellows. *Hardwired* referees should consider exploiting that. They should make some effort to figure out what the player-characters are after and offer at least the hope of their achieving it— natch, after substantial risk and considerable amounts of chaos and bloodshed.

It is possible to get off Earth and into the Orbitals. If you own enough stock in their companies, they can't deny you. The amount of stock in question varies from company to company, but it's about $100,000 worth. Once in orbit, they have to give you a job— they have a zaibatsu's sense of obligation about that— but the job may be a meaningless make-work, or they may employ you to do the sorts of things you do best (kill people, for example), only this time you do it on salary instead of freelance.

Hope, of course, doesn't ever have to be fulfilled. The referee is free to lie to his players, or at least not tell them everything. He can, like the godlike Orbital powers themselves, wipe them out of existence like the insects they truly are! The referee should try not to get too carried away— the game should still be fun— but still (admit it now) aren't there some player egos that need crushing? And aren't you just the guy to do it?

Ideally, in every adventure, there should be something the players don't know, and can't find out till it's too late. In every adventure, there should be a twist ending. And whatever information is withheld from the players, it should be something that should trip them up, confuse them, and very likely make them dead. *Hardwired* portrays a paranoid and vicious future; your players should have to do some paranoid and vicious things in order to survive.

And, not to be too heavy-handed about it, an element of moral choice could enter in here and there. Perhaps your characters should be forced to choose, every so often, between doing the right thing, the safe thing, and/or the profitable thing.

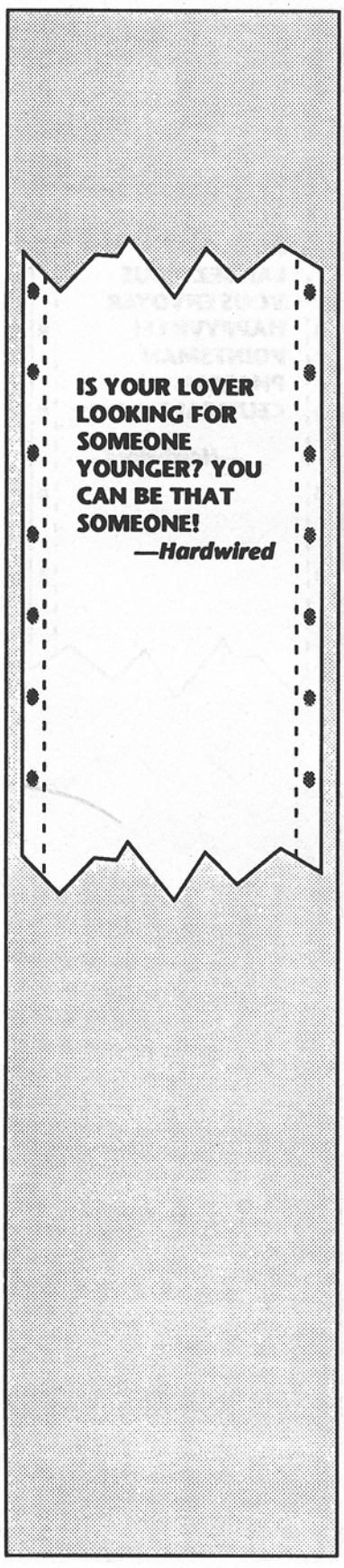
Some Examples:

1. Your hard-hitting exposé-broadcasting news team discovers hints of corruption and malfeasance in the boardroom of the Forever Life Extension Company. Your team swings into action and finds the evidence, at considerable risk to life and limb. But after your broadcast, you realize the evidence was planted by Orbital agents engineering a Forever stock collapse, so that the company could be snapped up for a song by Tempel Pharmaceuticals I.G., a powerful Orbital corporation also into life extension. You've just helped Tempel squash a competitor.

2. You've just been hired to break into the secure computer files of the Bank of Borneo, and a piece of software has come onto the market that might make it possible. What you don't

DEMEUREZVOUS AU PAYS DE DOULEUR? LAISSEZ NOUS VOUS ENVOYER HAPPYVILLE! POINTSMAN PHARMA-CEUTICALS A.G.

—Hardwired.



know is that the software has been marketed by the Banking Bloc and is designed to let you think you've broken in whereas in fact it's ringing alarm bells everywhere and identifying the intruder. You've been betrayed by your own deck, and you don't know it.

3. Your nomad gang has been hired by a thirdman to smuggle explosive across several state lines. He's arranged backup and support. What he hasn't told you is that you're a decoy for the real run— he's moving tons of computer components by an alternate route— and that he'd tipped the authorities to your movements in hopes you'll distract them from the real operation. And of course when police bullets hit unstable explosive, they'll wipe out all the evidence, won't they?

4. You and your cop buddies have been hired to temporarily stash some dead bodies in a commercial freezer in order to tilt the odds on the Body Lottery. But the people who hired you are doing so in order to bankrupt the lottery sellers and take over their operation— and the bodies have been booby-trapped to make sure witnesses to their plan will not survive to inform anyone of the treachery.

5. Your outfit has achieved its ambition of finding steady, high-paying employment among the Orbitals. Unfortunately your job is to find likely up-and-comers— like you once were— and arrange their demise. And if any of them manage to survive or beat you— well, you know who the Orbitals will hire next, don'tyou?

6. You're hired by a wealthy, desperate man to find and rescue his missing daughter, who is being held for ransom. But she's not a daughter, she's his former mistress who's split with the codes to most of his data and bank accounts. She's hooked up with a local thirdman who's providing her protection. You, however, are led to believe he's a kidnapper and she'll be happy to escape him. And your employer's business competitors would like to get those codes themselves, and have hired their own teams to discover them at all costs.

By now you should be getting some ideas of your own. But before we continue with the excitement and adventure, let's take a look at some new rules—

Harrisson Fong

"'Am I the danger you want?' she asks. The blue eyes give an answer..."

—Hardwired

PUNK VS HARDWIRED

GET READY FOR A WHOLE NEW WORLD— A WORLD WHERE NIGHT CITY NEVER EXISTED.

Harrisson Fong

TAKE YOUR MEDICINE

By now, you've probably figured out that there are some obvious differences between the world of *Cyberpunk's* 2013 and *Hardwired*. But besides the obvious differences in timelines and basic hardware, what else is unique to the Hardwired universe? Let's take it on a case-by-case basis, starting with:

Cyberlimbs. Though cyberlimbs exist in *Hardwired*, they're not very common. Clone technology has been perfected— if you've lost a limb, it's a lot easier and cheaper to grow a new one rather than implant a piece of machinery, however sophisticated. Ditto for internal organs.

Studs. Drilling a hole in someone's head is major surgery. And implanting an interface stud isn't just drilling a hole; you've got to rewire parts of the brain. You don't go down to the local hardware shop for this, you check into a hospital and expect to spend at least a week there.

Reflex Boosters. Known in this universe as **hardwiring.** You can get your Reflexes boosted up to +2, and there are a couple ways to do it. The cheaper way is by an *Owari* operation, in which the boost is triggered by an inhaled chemical generally known as "hardfire." Nerves are boosted about 10 seconds (one full turn) after the trigger, and one hardfire jolt will last about 5 minutes (15 full turns). The more expensive way is known as a *Santistevan* operation, and is triggered by mental command.

In each case, you don't get the nerve boost all the time, just when you want it— it won't help you if you're completely surprised. And since the nerve boost takes energy, you get a kind of mild hangover afterwards. For every minute spent with jacked-up nerves, you lose 3 minutes with a Reflex reduction of -1 after the boost is over.

Trauma Team??? Heavily-armed paramedics who wade into firefights to rescue wounded clients? Not bloody likely. Ambulances, if they show up at all, will happily stay out of range until the fight is over, then charge everyone through the nose for their services. A lot of ambulance companies are owned by thirdmen, and they've gotta pay for their mansions, armored limosines, and showgirls somehow.

Body banks. What with clone technology and all, these don't exist.

Insurance. Expensive. There's a major plague devastating the population, after all. 20-year-old can expect to pay $100 per week, adding $10 per week for every year in age over 20.

Memory chips. Basically, what these contain is data. What you do with it is up to you. You might have a chip that gives you French grammar and vocabulary, and allows you to translate from one language to the other. What the chip won't do is make you write like Marcel Proust— it will give you proficiency, not literary skills. Just like a chip giving you a new programming language will only give you the language, not tell you how to use it. For that you need INT plus a programming skill.

Reflex chips. You can either have them implanted, thus gaining the skills permanently, or you can have the skills loaded in liquid-crystal data cubes, which you then insert into your sockets, thus providing you with quick-change skills when necessary.

In *Hardwired*, you don't get complex skills (like Martial Arts) just by plugging in some chips and working out for a few hours. If your body isn't ready to start doing spinning reverse crescent kicks to the head, a chip isn't going to help you much. The following are the minimum BOD and REF stats necessary to use martial arts chips at a certain level.

CHIP LEVEL	REF	BOD
+1	4	4
+2	6	6
+3	8	8

"I LOVE MY KIKUYU EYES, SEZ PRIMO PORNOSTAR ROD MCLEISH, AND WITH THE INFRARED OPTION, I CAN TELL IF MY PARTNER'S REALLY EXCITED OR IF I'M JUST ON A SILICON RIDE..."
—Hardwired

The average *Cyberpunk* player isn't going to want to hang around body building himself up to the required levels. You're going to have to make them pay the price. One way to do this is to quietly roll 1D10 and apply it randomly as muscle strain damage the first time they try to pull an unprepared wheel kick.

— Mike

A deficiency of 1 in any category means a subtraction of 1 in attack and defense rolls using that chip; a deficiency of 2 means a subtraction of 2, etc. A player can make up each level of deficiency by working out on a regular basis— say 5 days per week— for a solid month.

After working out on a regular basis for 1 month for every level of the chip, and after an INT roll of 15 or better, the character will be assumed to have "learned" what the chip has to teach him, and will no longer need the chip. (This last rule doesn't apply just to martial arts chip, but to any and all reflex and/or memory chips. By working with the chip steadily, you basically "download" its contents into your own memory.)

NEW ROLES FOR OLD

Even more than in *Cyberpunk*, the *Hardwired* universe is a shattered world, wracked by cataclysms and disasters. This rapid de-evolution of society has created new niches; new professions. In addition to the roles already existing in *Cyberpunk* (solo, techie, netrunner, rockerboy, etc.) *Hardwired* has two new roles— **Pirates and Private Investigators.**

Pirates

Nomadic, homeless sailors who roam the seas.

The open ocean might be the last refuge of the free. Your houseboats cruise the inland waterways, filled with tanks in which you're growing shrimp, clams, and oysters to sell to the land-dwellers. Your fast laminate "cigarette" speedboats are often hired to carry product for thirdmen, and can outrun anything on the seas. And in case anyone messes with you, your heavily-armed ex-military hovercraft can give them a state-of-the-art bloody nose.

Character generation is the same as for Nomads, except that Pirates choose from the following skills: Brawling, Athletics, Seamanship, Drive Boat, Rifles, Automatic weapons, Sailpower, and Navigation. Special Ability: Family Status, as per Nomads.

Private Investigator

Down these mean streets one sorry schmuck must go.

Whether you work for a large professional security firm or out of a one-room office in a rotting old brownstone, your job is to find out things that other people want to keep hidden. You don't have the backup available to the police, and you don't have any real authority, so you've got to live by your wits, and go with your hunches. Maybe your loyalty is to your client, maybe to your partners, maybe to the money; or maybe you actually care about justice. It's not a job guaranteed to give you the most positive view of human nature, so each case has a tendency to make you a little more tired, a little more discouraged, and maybe a little more careless... and we all know where that might lead.

Special Ability: Research. Private Investigators can dig through datafiles and question people in order to find information they may need for their job. The higher your ability, the more datafiles to which you have access, and the more people will trust you with their secrets.

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE...

In *Hardwired*, society is far more fragmented and unstable than in the 2013 of *Cyberpunk*. This means some of the Special Abilities of certain character roles will change to meet this changed world.

Alternate Special Ability For Police—Snivel

People don't have a lot of respect for the police these days, at least not unless they're Orbital heat. A lot of cops—sometimes entire departments— are on the take, and a lot of criminals join the police in order to provide a cover for their activities. If a city cop tries to use his Authority with the

wrong people, he may well get himself laughed at or blown away. What might work better is Snivel. You whine, you whimper, you brownnose your way through the police and criminal hierarchy. If they underestimate you, they may drop enough information to enable you to hang them. Good luck.

Alternate Special Ability For Netrunners— Intuition

In *Hardwired*, netrunners (known here as *crystaljocks*) aren't the direct-linked, headbangers of *Cyberpunk*. Instead, many crystaljocks use keyboards or shielded interface plugs to go data plundering. The deadly programs of *Cyberpunk* are replaced by the more devious and powerful System Operators (or Sysops). These human programmers closely monitor the computers under their control, using sophisticated programs to stop intruders.

While high reflexes are valuable in *Hardwired*, a crystaljock's ability to outthink the Sysops and solve his puzzles is far more important. This is reflected in the Special Ability of *Intuition* which represents the crystaljock's ability to put together seemingly unrelated facts to deduce a useful connection. An example would be knowing the name of the Sysop's son and having a hunch that this name might open a specific file about corporate officials' children. In game play, this special ability allows the referee to give the crystaljock extra "clues" or hints towards cracking file codes or uncovering information.

BLAZING BRAINS

When a character's Empathy descends to 1 or less, he's going to have some serious mental problems. Not necessarily Cyberpsychosis as described in *Cyberpunk*, but definitely one form of overwhelming psychosis or other. It's up to the referee what happens to these characters. If he can trust the player to roleplay a character who's suddenly developed an overwhelming obsession contrary to reason and safety, by all means allow him to continue playing the character (assuming he wants to). If the player is simply too sensible, sane, or attached to his character, the character will then become an NPC and the player will roll up a new one.

When a character's Humanity Index reaches 1 or less, roll on the Cyberpsychosis Table. If the HI is 1, the character will still be able to control his compulsions by beating an INT roll of 15; if 0, the character MUST follow his psychosis.

CAN THEY BE SAVED?

Well, sure. A good psychotherapist can do wonders. A bad psychotherapist—and there are a lot of them— can do some real damage.

"Her own knowledge, deep in her spine, that she had lost control over this, that she had finally met one of those clients who had a particular name, a name that even the most hardened of her associates spoke of in husky, fearful voices: 'thatch.' "

—Hardwired

CYBERPSYCHOSIS TABLE	
01-10	Raging hatred against humanity (standard cyberpsychosis).
11-35	Space out. Total fascination with abstracts. Loss of human feeling. Known as "whitebrain."
36-44	Paranoia. Everyone's involved in conspiracy. Don't trust anyone. (May be fairly rational in this universe.)
46-50	Rejection of biological life in favor of "immortal" cyberwear. Will attempt to replace all human parts with cyberwear, and will do anything, no matter how dangerous or inhuman, to be able to accomplish his goal.
51-60	Rejection of cyberwear in favor of humanity. Will attempt to remove all cyberwear in favor of organics, but will only gain half HI back.
61-70	You realize that cyberwear makes you invincible! You laugh at danger! If you get hurt, you'll just replace the part! You'll accept every adventure for the love of it, and take reckless chances.
71-75	"Cyberwear? What cyberwear? Pass me my quizzing glass, Giles." The characters rejects modern life in favor of idealized historical epoch: Han China, the English Regency, etc., and will do his best to ignore modern life.
76-85	Philosophy major. Will reject modern life in favor of a cult or religion that promises redemption.
86-100	D3 phobias. Roll D10 on phobia table. These fears are irrational and overwhelming, and under appropriate conditions will reduce the character to a helpless, blubbering mass. 1 Fear of heights 2 Fear of people 3 Fear of cramped places 4 Fear of dark 5 Fear of crowds 6 Fear of hidden cyberwear 7 Fear of open places 8 Fear of germs 9 Fear of sabotage software 10 Fear of crawly things

A psychotic will have to be committed to an institution, which can be a tad difficult if he's got built-in weaponry and a lethal attitude. The institution will cost $1000.00 per week, and will take 3D10 weeks to raise a character's Empathy by 1...

Unless—the character runs into Dr. Demento and his new discovery, *Pain Therapy*, which he will on a D100 roll of 1-35. In that case, roll again on the Cyberpsychosis Chart for every 2D10 weeks spent in Happy Haven.

NEW SKILLS

Additions to skills for the *Hardwired* universe include the following:

Intelligence Skills

System Knowledge: This skill replaces the Interface ability of the *Cyberpunk* netrunner. Crystaljocks depend a lot more on stealth than speed— this skill reflects the 'jock's ability to get around computer system traps and the activities of the all powerful Sysops who guard *Hardwired* computer systems.

Cadre: In these ideological times, the cadre skill allows you to indoctrinate other people with your particular point of view, be it pro-Orbital, post-Revolutionary, or just plain loony. If your EMP and ATT are very low, the referee may assign penalties to your ability to use this skill.

Artillery Weapons: The ability to use mortars, artillery, ground-based surface-to-air missiles, mass drivers, laser batteries, etc. This is not a REF skill, as in light weapons; the use of artillery weapons requires brainpower more than physical coordination.

Navigate: The ability to find your way by the sun and stars, without reference to satellite-tracking systems, as did the classical navigators of yore.

Remove Alarm: Just what it says. The referee should rate alarm systems Easy, Average, Difficult, or Impossible.

Sailpower: This skill allows you to maximize the efficiency of any wind-driven propulsion system. Or to put it another way, you can sail a sailboat.

Seamanship: Basic skills for a shipboard environment. Includes familiarity with nautical jargon and specialized technical vocabulary. You can't run a sailboat, but you know the ropes and knots, stowage techniques, port from starboard, and how to man the pumps.

Survival: The ability to survive off the land (or sea, or whatever) in a particular environment. Possible environments are: Urban, Mountain, Desert, Arctic, Jungle, Ocean/River, Plains, Vacuum, Gravity-free

Tracking/Woodsman: The ability to track game (or human quarry) through a non-urban environment.

Reflex Skills

Autoweapon: Automatic weapons make lots of noise, lots of recoil, and use lots of bullets. If you don't know what to expect from one, you can prove more dangerous to your friends than your enemies. This skill allows you to use any automatic personal weapon without penalty. If you don't have it, your base skill is considered to be 1. Note: this supplants skills such as Rifle, which, in *Hardwired* is now assumed to apply only to non-automatic weapons.

Cat Burglar: This skill demonstrates your ability as a second-story man, and also works as a stealth modifier. This skill, plus Pickpocket, Forgery, Alarm Removal, and other more specific skills, supplants the more general *Cyberpunk* skill of Thief.

Fast Draw: This skill allows you to (a) get the first shot off in a confrontation; or (b) assuming you opponent attacks first, to draw and get off a shot in the current round. On a REF roll of 15,the character succeeds. Particularly bulky weapons (sawed-off shotguns, long-barreled magnums, weapons with silencers) may call for negative modifiers of -1 or -2. As they are incompatible, the character will have to make note of what specific fast draw skills they have (cross-draw, gunfighter's draw,

shoulder rig, cavalry draw, etc.). A character may not use his cross-draw skill to fast draw from an ankle holster.

Pickpocket: self-explanatory.

Sleight-of-hand: the ability to manipulate small objects and make them seem to appear and disappear.

Tech Skills

Disguise: This skill demonstrates your ability to pass as someone-not- yourself.

Forgery: The ability to produce phony ID, account numbers, stock certificates, etc. A lot of records were destroyed in the Rock War, so phony ID isn't hard to come by; but mess with Orbital paper and things could get, ah, rocky.

Desktop Engineering: This is the ability to program a computer-driven lathe and turn out useable tools or weapons. Can be used to design guns, knives, or any mechanically driven tool.

Gunsmith: This skill permits you to repair, customize, accessorize, and just plain build weaponry. A skill of +8 or better permits you to start making such advanced weapons as air-to-air missiles, antitank weapons, and other stuff beloved of panzerboys and their ilk.

Chemist: This skill allows you to make all sorts of useful chemicals, including the more profitable varieties. Those who consider taking this as a backup skill in case cash gets scarce might keep in mind that the Orbitals make drugs in industrial-sized quantities and sell them fairly cheaply. Just Say No.

CYBERSNAKE

This is a really twisted concept. Particularly as in Hardwired, the owner of the cybersnake is Sarah, a very pretty girl. I asked Walter where he came up with the thing, and he said "...Well, you see, I had this sort of dream one night..." —Mike

NEWTECH

Additions to cyberwear for the *Hardwired* universe include the following:

Smart Weapon/Targeting System: An interactive system between a smart weapon, interface plugs, and Targeting Eyes ™. Some components can be used separately.

The system requires at least one interface stud and the Targeting Eyes cyberoptic system implanted in both eyes. (Depth perception is necessary to successful marksmanship.) Targeting Eyes alone will result in a +2 to attacks, provided the character has fired the weapon before ("chipped in"). If the character is using a particular weapon for the first time, the bonus is only +1. A smart weapon must be connected to the Targeting Eyes via an interface socket. A smart weapon is assumed to have a low-watt, invisible laser targeting system mounted parallel to the gun barrel. The user depresses the trigger and fans the weapon in the direction of the enemy: when the Targeting Eyes register a reflection off the target, the gun is automatically fired. This results in a further +2 to the attacker's dice.

A smart weapon is assumed to cost twice the normal price of that particular weapon. Smart weapon conversion kits are available for most popular guns.

The system calls for no additional humanity loss other than that already been taken as a result of the cyberoptics and interface studs.

Cybersnake: The cybersnake™ is a particularly unpleasant implant weapon—think of it as a high-tech roto-rooter. The cybersnake is implanted in any body orifice—the throat is usual—where it remains until needed. On command, it uncoils and, striking like a cobra, attacks the opponent. Its base remains rooted to the owner, it can extend almost to a full meter, and can be retrieved at any time. The cybersnake is coated with a lubricant gel that will prevent

blood and matter from adhering, and will also make it difficult for the opponent to get ahold of. The attack can be one of two types.

The first is **rake**, and is used in hand-to-hand combat. The user will get one extra attack per turn (+1 for point-blank), and can inflict D6 damage. Strength modifiers do not apply. Any class of armor will stop a rake attack. If the user scores a critical hit (See *Critical Success*, pg 31), he is assumed to have hit a vital orifice (eye, ear, whatever) and will get an eviscerate attack next turn. If the opponent scores a critical parry, he is assumed to have got ahold of the cybersnake and has the option of doing a yank counterattack next turn. (Like I said, twisted.—Mike)

The second type of attack is **eviscerate.** In this, the cybersnake is assumed to have gained access to a body orifice and then winds its way through to the vital organs, shredding as it goes. Access to the opponent's relevant orifice can be gained in one of two ways: by rolling a critical hit during a rake attack; or by getting real close to an unsuspecting enemy. Make the usual rolls for attack and defend. The attacker gets a +3 for being real close (immediately adjacent, as in physically touching, or opponent pinned) and a further +3 if the opponent is completely surprised. An eviscerate attack does 2D6 damage. No class of armor will stop it. If the attack is successful, the attacker may continue with another eviscerate attack on the next turn.

If the opponent gets a critical success on his defense roll, she's assumed to have somehow got ahold of the cybersnake. On her next roll she can either attempt to pull it from her own body with an average BOD roll, or she can try to yank it out of her opponent's body during hand to hand combat. It won't come out of the opponent, of course, but if the victim's attack roll succeeds she does 1D6 damage to, uh, whatever part of the body the cybersnake is attached to. Cost $800. Humanity cost: 2D10+5.

Sexual Implants: Use your imagination. Cost $100-800, HI loss 1D6.

Voice Stress Analyzer: A cyberaudio option. This allows you to analyze the stress reactions of anyone to whom you are speaking. It isn't a lie detector exactly, but lying is one of the things that can cause a detectable stress reaction. The result is a +2 to your Awareness when attempting to detect lies or verbal evasions. Cost $150. Humanity cost: 2.

Combat Crystal: An addition to hardwiring (reflex boost), combat crystal will turn you and your team into ultimate killer cyborgs. Combat crystal coordinates the movements of an entire squad of men, making certain that their vision covers 360 degrees, that they make maximum use of cover, that fire will be directed to suppress enemies when other teammates are moving. Combat crystal does not promote a whole lot of voluntary action, but it makes for maximum efficiency. In game terms this means that those with combat crystal will automatically attack first, regardless of REF, and at +1 (unless their opponents have combat crystal, too, in which case movement and fire as per normal), that they will add +2 to their defense rolls and +2 to their Awareness. Combat crystal will not work unless there are at least 5 men in your team, all with the same crystal— it promotes group efficiency at the expense of individual efficiency. Cost: $1200 plus cost of hardwiring. Humanity cost: 2D6+2 plus cost of hardwiring.

CURRENCY

Terrestrial paper money is largely worthless and subject to *huge* daily fluctuations. People try to keep their funds in things of value: stock in Orbital corporations (there is even a special nonvoting B-class share used as currency), gold and other precious metals, drugs, property, pork futures, etc. The "Eurodollar" used in *Cyberpunk* doesn't exist, though for the convenience of the players we'll keep the price list as it stands, assuming it's the equivalent in the nonvoting currency of the Thaler (dollar) Orbital corporation.

**"MODERNBODY
MODERNBODY
MODERNBODY
You Can't Claim
You're a CYBORG
Till You Have a
MODERNBODY
SEXUAL IMPLANT
MODERNBODY
MODERNBODY
MODERNBODY"**
— Hardwired

Here's a way to keep your players hopping whenever they get a large stash of cash put aside. Assume the basic value of a "dollar" is equal to the prices listed in the section below. About once a week, game time, roll a percentage. This is the rate of currency fluctuation in cents. Now roll 1D6. On an odd roll, subtract the percentage value from one dollar. On an even roll, add this to the value of a dollar. For example; imagine you have a player with $1000.00 in cash. You roll 98 percent, then roll odd. Suddenly, every dollar that player has is worth about 2 cents. Cash speculation runs rampant.

SOME SAMPLE PRICES

Weapons:

Pistols

Small caliber:	$50.00
Medium, large caliber:	$250.00
Very large caliber:	$350.00
Caseless ammo, gyrojet:	$150.00 (above plus)
Gauss:	$450.00
Beam:	$500.00

Shotguns

12-gauge pump:	$150.00
Auto shotgun:	$660.00

Submachineguns

Small, medium caliber:	$350.00
Heavy, very heavy caliber:	$450.00
Caseless ammo, gyrojet:	$150.00 (above plus)
Gauss:	$600.00

Assault Rifles

Small caliber:	$300.00
Medium caliber:	$400.00
Caseless ammo, gyrojet:	$150.00 (above plus)
Gauss:	$450.00

Beam Rifle

Light:	$550.00
Medium:	$800.00
Heavy:	$2000.00

Machine Guns

Medium caliber:	$550.00
Heavy caliber:	$700.00
Very heavy caliber:	$900.00
Gatling gun:	$1200.00

Grenade Launchers

Standard:	$350.00
Auto launcher:	$750.00
Grenades (case 10):	$600.00

Weapons Accessories

Silencer:	$80.00
Optical telescopic sight:	$200.00
Night scope:	$450.00
Laser sight:	$200.00
Gauss or laser powerpack (rc):	$50.00
Smart weapons:	2X. price

Ammunition

Small pistol or SMG amm.:	$8.00 (box 50)
Med., hvy pistol or SMG amm.:	$15.00 (box 50)
Assault rifle, light MG amm.:	$35.00 (box 100)
Medium, hvy MG amm.:	$70.00 (box 100)
30mm gatling gun amm.:	$200.00 (box 100)
Armor piercing rounds:	3X.above
Smart rounds:	3X.above (sum)
Flechettes:	2X.above
Handweapon DPU round (1):	$80.00
Assault rifle DPU round (1):	$120.00
MG DPU round (1):	$150.00

Armor

Laminate t-shirt:	$90.00
Laminate jacket:	$150.00
Laminate trousers:	$120.00
Steel flack jacket:	$120.00
Composite jacket:	$350.00
Composite flack jacket:	$600.00

Modern Living

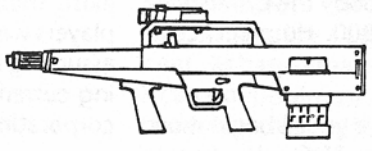
Portable drug analyzer:	$75.00
Hypo autoinjector:	$100.00
Drug inhaler:	$35.00
Compressed air cartridge:	$0.50 for abov:

Medicine

Day in hospital (ordinary):	$50.00
Day in hospital (intensive care):	$350.00
Clone limb replacement:	$450.00
Clone organ replacement:	$300.00
LC-matrix clone body transfer:	$200 K

Cybertech

Owari hardwiring +1:	$300.00
Owari hardwiring +2:	$500.00
Santistevan hardwiring +1:	$600.00
Santistevan hardwiring +2:	$1000.00



Sam Liu

Anyway, this makes paying for something a real adventure. Anytime someone has to purchase or sell something, make a INT roll, with all appropriate mods for Streetdeal and/or Streetwise. If the result is 15, you've got the item for its list price. For each point in addition to 15, you decrease another 10% from the price, to a maximum of 50%. If you roll less than 15, add 10% to the price for each number under 15, without any limit.

Stashing Cash

There are a couple places to keep your money (assuming you want to keep it in currency, which is nearly useless). The first is a bank, which is an institution chartered and regulated by the legal authorities, and out of which (at need) you can get actual cash. The second is a **face bank**, which exists only in an interface account, in which the money exists only as data. Face banks are run by what is euphemistically referred to as "organized crime" and pay a higher rate of interest. Sometimes they even disappear, along with your money. A regular bank will pay 7-10% interest, a face bank 20%, with a 5% chance that your money will be unavailable when you need it (though you'll be able to get it later) and a further 5% chance that the bank will one day disappear with your money in it. You can also get loans from face banks easier than from regular banks, but the penalties for welshing on the debt tend to be dire.

FACE BANKS

The original face banks have their roots in the late 20th century. Many came out of the cooperative loan societies organized throughout the Southeast Asian community. As time went on, these informal "money pools" were absorbed by the powerful Triad crime lords of Hong Kong. Later, the Mob bought into the idea as a money laundering scheme.

Face banks usually begin as an access code on a system. You get the access code through some aquaintance, and, if you pass the bank Sysop's inspection, are then given a passbook account number. Some banks also use a "chop", a small LC chip with a symbol or code programmed into it to represent your account. This is what the *Hardwired* character Cowboy uses to reach most of his accounts throughout the novel. Face banks can be accessed through the interface, through phones, and fax. Prices for transactions involving gems, precious metals and other non-credit/cash transactions can be arranged at the Referee's discretion.

DRUGS & COMBAT

Q: *What would a game of Hardwired be without drugs?*

A: *Too much to hope for.*

Harrisson Fong

Drugs

The human mind perceives reality via electric and chemical interactions, and pharmaceutical technology in *Hardwired* is built in recognition of this. Fourth and fifth-generation psychotropic drugs target specific areas of the brain or neuromotor systems, and in general leaves the rest of the body alone. 21st century pharmaceuticals have far fewer side effects than their earlier precursors, and that's both good and bad. Though therapeutic functions are enhanced, reduced side effects means that you can addict yourself without messing up your body, and therefore stay addicted longer before you begin to notice warning signals of overconsumption.

Even in places where recreational drugs remain illegal, law enforcement has virtually given up trying to enforce anti-drug laws. It's simply too easy for people with modern technology to brew up homemade stuff in their basements, and besides the Orbitals are pushing their product on Earth for all it's worth, and who wants to oppose them? The area of combat pharmacology is also highly advanced. The Vietnam War was run (on the U.S. side, anyway) largely on speed (ask any Green Beret medic why he carried a standard issue of 1000 dexedrine in his med kit), and 21st century war is run on a wider array of pharmaceuticals designed to produce specialized effects. Street drugs are widely available, and are also available in unmatched potency due to the fact that hand-held chemical analyzers are readily available, and anyone selling drugs that had been cut would find themselves without buyers. Drugs can be administered in a number of ways. Computerized injectors can be programmed with a specific dose and, when held against the arm, will locate a vein via ultrasound probes and inject the compound painlessly on a wave of mild local anaesthetic.

The drug can also be mixed with a neutral substance and loaded into a compressed-air inhaler, which will fire it up the nasal passages and follow it immediately with a wave of nasal douche that will both enhance the drug's effect and prevent damage to the nasal tissues.

Side effects of drugs are as follows: A drug labelled "addictive" (heroin, for example) must be used continually for a period of about two weeks before physical addiction begins to set in, and then the character can save on a daily BOD roll of 15 or better. Kicking addiction takes 2D6 days, during which the character's INT, REF, MA, and BOD are reduced by half, rounding up, due to physical and mental distress. A strong psychological need for the drug will remain. This compulsion will have to be roleplayed.

A drug labelled "psychologically addictive" doesn't have any physical effects outside of brain chemistry. It just feels good. (But you like feeling good, right?) Kicking will require a Difficult BOD roll; INT will be reduced by -1 for D6 days, and a strong psychological need will remain. Anyone strung out on drugs— addicted one way or another but unable to find what he needs— suffers the same physiological effects of kicking plus a temporary decrease in his HI of 3D10.

Sometimes a decided change in surroundings will result in a bonus to any attempts to kick addiction. U.S. troops addicted in Vietnam to a very pure brand of Southeast Asian heroin suffered remarkably few problems readjusting to civilian life: apparently when the stress that produced the heroin use was removed, so was the need for heroin. (But unfortunately, this isn't usually the case.—Mike.) The referee may give bonuses to any attempts to kick drugs in similar circumstances. Use of some drugs may result in a temporary Humanity Index loss. Players who lose too much Humanity may end up doing things that, when sober, they will regret. This is best handled through good roleplaying rather than through rule strictures.

This is one place where Walter and I tend to argue a lot. As a relic of the 60's (which, I suppose he also fits into), I'm still scraping up the braincells of long-fried friends. But assuming the type of technical advances we're currently seeing in biotech, what Walter suggests here is really possible. Your choice, mates.

Besides, it *is* his world.

—Mike

COMPUTERIZED INJECTOR

Three versions exist. One, resembling the airhypo of Star Trek, shoots a measured dose under the skin with compressed air. In CYBERPUNK, this is popularly known as a "Bones McCoy". It costs about $110, and can deliver 50 doses on a 50 cent cartridge. The second type is more common. It can be dialed for a set dose, and sprays an anaesthetic on the skin prior to inserting the needle. About $30. There are also nasal inhalers (described in the text), for about $25.

"She checks three vials at random and the analyzer tells her it's choramphenildorphin, purity 98 percent or better. She smiles..."
—Hardwired

The following drugs are easily available on the street:

Endorphin: The body's natural opiate, synthesized and improved upon by modern technology, and available in many brand names and configurations. Anyone using endorphins will reduce INT and REF by 2, HI temporarily by D6, and increase COOL by 1. Due to reduction in pain and shock, add 1 to all Consciousness Save and Death Save rolls. A dose lasts about an hour. Cost: $10/dose. Addictive.

Snapcoke: One of many brand names for synthetic cocaine, very pure and guaranteed nonaddictive. (You believe that, right?) Anyone using Snapcoke will increase INT and REF by 1 (if the character already has boosted REF, this doesn't count), and decrease HI by D6 temporarily. There is a mild hangover following. Cost: $5/dose. Psychologically addictive.

Speedball: The original speedball was heroin plus cocaine, but the 21st Century has improved on the original formula to produce a state-of-the-art combat drug. The heroin-analog numbs the character to wounds, stress, and empathy; the cocaine-analog motivates the character to aggressive, risky behavior. Anyone hitting up a speedball will increase REF by 1 (if the character already has boosted reflexes, this doesn't count), INT by 1, COOL by 2, and reduce HI temporarily by 2D10. Players should attempt a good imitation of a berserker rage. One dose will last 1 hour. Wounds will automatically be counted in one category less: Serious Wound as a Flesh Wound, Mortal Wound as a Critical Wound, etc., until the drug wears off. (Dead, however, remains dead.) Users will not have to make a consciousness save if wounded: the drug itself will keep them on their feet. If attempting violent physical action while wounded, there is a 10% chance per turn you will make the wound one category worse. You won't notice this for the present, not unless you actually keel over and die. Prepare yourself for one hell of a hangover afterwards, unless of course you fire up another speedball... Cost: $20/dose. Addictive and psychologically addictive.

Brown Study: Brown Study is a tarry psychoactive substance that, when ingested, decreases the body's awareness of itself and permits the higher functions of the brain to work at unparalleled efficiency. A favorite among cultists, college students and philosophy majors. REF, BOD, and EMP are reduced by 50%, rounding up, TECH and INT are increased by 1, and COOL by D6+1. If the character attempts anything complex (drive, fight, have a conversation) there is a 50% chance each turn that he will simply zone out and sit there, staring at infinity. Each journey lasts D6+1 hours. During the course of the trip, there is a 20% chance the character will have a profound revelation regarding the state of reality. This revelation will be true, at least for the character. Cost: $35/dose. Not addictive, but operating heavy machinery is not recommended while under the influence of this product.

Nicotine stick: This smokeless cigarette gives you all the addictive potential of tobacco without the messy carcinogenic side effects. Cost: $2/box of 20. Some are flavored. Addictive.

Caffeine stick: The same technology as a nicotine stick, guaranteed to give you a lift in the morning— and you don't run the risk of spilling hot liquid on yourself while driving to work, either. Cost: $2/box of 20. Some are flavored. Addictive.

Hardfire: This is the stuff that people with Owari hardwiring use to fire up their nerves. It's also available on the street as a crude stimulant. Users will increase their REF by 1 on an Average REF roll, unless they have Owari hardwiring, in which case the increase of +1 or +2 is automatic. Mild hangover afterwards. Cost: $4/dose.

Uppers: Stimulants, available in a truly mind-boggling array of brands and prices. Depending on the brand, you get your REF cranked by 1 or 2 (not cumulative with any other REF boost), and your HI reduced temporarily by 2D6. One dose will last 4-6 hours. You'll also talk your fool head off. The hangovers range from heavy to mild. Cost: $1/dose.

Downers: Known as the "breakfast of los-

ers," also available in a stunning array of types. The average downer will increase COOL by 2, depress INT and REF by 2, and drop HI by D6. Individual effects will vary, however. Cost: $1/dose. Addictive.

IQ: this stuff will actually increase your INT by 1 point for a period of 4-6 hours, and a double dose has a 50% chance of increasing INT by 2. It's not addictive, but then you really like being smart, now, don't you? Anticipate a medium-sized hangover after it wears off. Cost: $25/dose. Psychologically addictive.

Stat boosters: YOU CAN REWIRE YOUR BODY! You can jack up any of your stats except COOL, TECH, ATTR, and EMP by up to +3, although it isn't cheap, and there are other drawbacks. Hormones exist for almost any purpose: boosting muscle strength, improving neural connections, increasing glial cells in the brain, raising silent genes to rewire brain connections. It takes 30 days' constant treatment to increase a stat by +1, and there is a 8% chance of untoward side effects. The most common side effect is Parkinsonism (REF reduced to 1), but the referee is urged to be imaginative in this regard, perhaps with a little help from the Cyberpsychosis chart. Cost: $100/day. Not addictive, but you like having higher stats, right?

Psychedelics: Still around after all these years, and in many varieties. Though their precise effects are difficult to quantify in game turns, you can count on your INT, TECH, REF, and COOL being cut in half, rounding up, while you see a lot of pretty pictures, experience synchronicity, and giggle a lot. The experience lasts 6-12 hours. If your COOL isn't very high to begin with, the experience might turn really negative. Afterwards, there is a 10% possibility of being subjected to the dreaded "flashback," in which you basically relive the experience for a few minutes, at random intervals, for a period of years. (Most psychedelic users are so depraved they actually enjoy this, however.) Cost: $2/dose.

Aphrodisiacs: Increases sexual desire and potency. Not addictive, but then you like... oh, never mind. Cost: $5/dose.

Truth Serum: Well, no, not really. What truth drugs do is reduce COOL to 1 and INT by half, so that the character babbles out whatever's on his mind. Keep steering the conversation to what you want to know, and maybe the victim will tell you. (Referees—let's not make it too easy for the players, okay?) Cost: $45/dose.

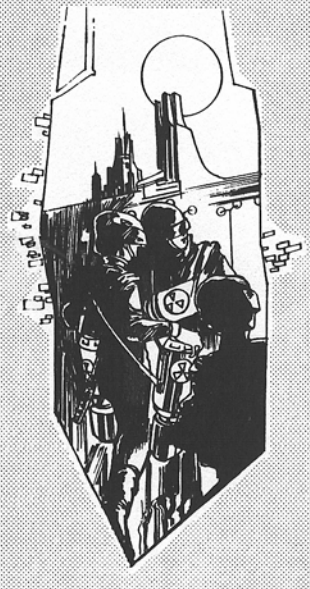
Bad Drugs: Lord knows why people still do PCP, but they do. There are any number of street drugs out there whose purpose is to really wreck the user, and there are enough self-destructive individuals out there to keep the market booming. The referee can decide whatever awful penalties he wants to inflict on users, but here's something typical: INT, TECH, and COOL cut in half, rounding down, HI decreased by 2D10 as long as the dose remains in effect, REF increased by 1, wound categories reduced as per a Speedball.

Seriously Bad Addictive Drugs: Rock cocaine is still around, too, though it's so destructive that by now it has a bad rep. The Orbitals prefer to hook you less abruptly and keep you a member of the workforce for a longer period. But there is stuff out there that's compulsively addictive, and the referee can develop whatever effects he likes, presumably starting with a catastrophic decrease in Humanity Index.

This is going to call for a little more roleplaying than most people are used to...Psychological addiction is a really subtle thing. To get an idea, consider what some people will go through just to get a cigarette every hour or so. Now extend this to your character.

When we first talked to Walter about this project, we knew he was a writer. What we *didn't* always remember is that he is also a game designer (*Privateers & Gentlemen* for *Fantasy Games Unlimited*).

One of the side effects of this was that Walter not only told us a lot about the *Hardwired* universe, but also wrote a lot of suggestions concerning rule options, particularly as they related to *Hardwired* combat. We've included many of these as intriguing alternates to the basic *FNFF* system of *Cyberpunk*. Write us and tell us what you think of them.



COMBAT

War in the 21st century (at least for the average grunt), is not fun. Once you get within effective range of the enemy, tactics generally consist of finding cover and firing off everything in your arsenal until one side or the other ceases to exist, a condition that will generally be met within a very few minutes. Catching the enemy by surprise is the only effective way to ensure one's own survival, and even then things can get dodgy. Even more so than in the past, the intelligence with which the team approaches the mission is a guarantee of success. If you can outsmart your opponents you can have that critical edge, and in a world in which a firefight can last only a few seconds, any edge at all can mean the difference between survival and obliteration.

But first of all, let's cover a few differences between *Hardwired* combat and *Cyberpunk's Friday Night Firefight*. These optional rules are designed to speed up your *Hardwired* campaign and give it even more of the authentic feel of the novel.

Option #1: Sequenced Turn System

Combat in *Hardwired* happens in micro-seconds, and is, to some extent, not as nitpickingly realistic as *FNFF*. One way to show this streamlined, high speed, MTV-level of combat is the Sequenced Turn System.

Each sequenced turn is considered to take 3.2 seconds of real time. The *Hardwired* action turn begins as follows:

1. At the beginning of a turn, the referee asks each player his intentions. ("I shoot at Gandhi the Toad.") He may require this in writing so that one player's declaration won't influence the other. Simultaneously, the referees decide what any NPCs might be up to. A basic action in combat might include the following: fire up to two single shots; fire a short burst; fire a long burst; move; wait; observe; aim (as per *FNFF* Aiming rule); take cover; flee; dodge; shout brief instructions to teammates; juggle; reload (requires REF roll of 10 or better); change weapon (requires REF roll of 12 or better). All of the above are considered roughly equivalent. A player declares only one action right now, but later he may declare as many actions per turn as he wishes, though he should be aware that he will suffer negative attack modifiers for any actions in excess of the first, and that he will suffer negative defense modifiers should anyone be shooting at him.
2. Players and NPCs attempt to carry out their first actions. This is performed in order of REF, with the highest moving first. (Exception: any team with combat crystal will move and fire before anyone else except other teams with combat crystal, in which case they'll move in order of REF.) If two or more characters have the same REF, each rolls D6, the highest moving first— if the die roll is a tie, the action is simultaneous. If, due to other players' actions, the player's declared action is impossible ("I can't shoot at Gandhi the Toad because he moved first and ducked through that doorway," or "I can't shoot at Gandhi the Toad because one of my teammates just unzipped him with an UZI."), the player's action is changed to *wait*.
3. Players may declare subsequent actions.
4. Players and NPCs attempt to carry out any subsequent actions. These are done with negative modifiers as follows:

   For each action after the first: -3 to player's chance of success, -1 to player's defense rolls. (He's so intent on suc-

cess he's not paying attention to anyone trying to kill him.) This is a cumulative negative modifier— it's a -3 for each successive action. If changing targets: a further -3.

5. Repeat steps 3 and 4 until there are no more actions.

6. If there are still survivors, start over. 3.2 seconds have passed.

Option #2: The Critical Success Roll

"Head shot at 200 meters! The kid's a natural!"

Whenever a character rolls a natural 10 when attempting a skill, there is a possibility of him succeeding beyond his normal expectations. Roll the die again, and on a 6-10 a critical success is achieved.

If the character is involved in offensive combat, he will hit his opponent automatically, and any damage he inflicts upon the enemy is doubled (unless the enemy character likewise rolls a critical success on his defense roll). If the character was fighting hand-to-hand, he will inflict lethal rather than bludgeon damage.

If the character is making a defense roll, he automatically escapes damage even if the opposing player rolls a critical success himself, and he will get first shot at the opponent during the next round.

If the character is attempting any other task, he will automatically succeed. If it's necessary to see how well he succeeds, roll another D10 and add it to the total.

Option #3: The Fumble Roll

"And then there was the time that Kung Fu Charlie came at me with his Chinese broadsword and cut his own fool head off."

There's always a non-zero chance that a character will fail miserably no matter how high his skill. Whenever a character rolls a natural 1, there is a chance of a fumble. Roll D10 again, and if a 1-5 results, the character has fumbled.

If the character was attempting a non-combat task, he's not only failed, he's achieved the worst possible result. His "Teaching" skill has become "Disinformation," his "Drive Motorcycle" has turned into "Blow Front Tire," his "Seduction" has become "Get Kicked in Crotch," "Throw Grenade" becomes "Drop Grenade at Feet," and "Remove Alarm" has become "Alert Whole Neighborhood."

If the character was in combat, roll D100 on one of the two accompanying tables, one for hand-to-hand and one for firearms.

Option #4: Traps

Characters who think they know what an opponent will do may attempt to trap them. This basically consists of waiting for an opponent's attack, absorbing that attack and/or allowing it to draw them off balance, then counterattacking for increased damage. If a character thinks he knows how his opponent will strike (spinning reverse crescent kick, punch to head, whatever), he can announce what he thinks will be done during his own announcement of intent. Don't make this too easy. Have both sides write their actions down. (Characters can get a good idea of opponent's intentions if they know what kind of combat crystal they may have had implanted— if you know your opponent has a Bruce the Dragon Mark II, and you know what that hardwiring will impel him to do, you can sucker him easily. Or maybe [like most brawlers] the guy always leads with his right.) If the character doesn't guess right, his opponent attacks with a +1 to his attack roll, and the defender will not have a counterattack this turn.

If the character is successful in anticipating his opponent's moves, he will add +3 to his defense roll. If his roll is higher than his opponent's, he's automatically made his counterattack at double normal damage. If the opponent's attack roll is higher, his attack counts normally, and the defender will have no attack this round.

"...The Heckler & Koch yammers in her hands. She sees the fear in the man's eyes as he pulls his head back, as the bullets climb spunk-spunk-spunk toward him..."
—Hardwired

HAND-TO-HAND FUMBLE TABLE

01-10	Character falls, DD6/2 turns to rise.
11-20	You're thrown off your stride. Lose next attack pulling yourself together.
21-30	All damage from attacks cut in half, rounding down, for D6/2 turns.
31-40	-4 from next defense roll.
41-50	Lose balance. Character must make an Difficult Reflexes roll in order to avoid falling. If character falls, must make an Average Reflexes roll to stand up next turn. If he doesn't fall, his D10 roll during his next attack is cut in half, rounding down.
51-65	Character falls. Must make Average Reflexes roll to stand up on subsequent turns.
66-75	Vision obscured. All die rolls cut in half, rounding down, for D6 turns.
76-80	Stumble and twist ankle. All die rolls cut in half for next turn, and character moves at half MA for 2D10 turns.
81-86	Weapon, if present, dropped. Must make Average Reflexes roll to pick it up on subsequent turns. If no weapon, roll again.
87-93	Weapon, if present, breaks. If no weapon, roll again.
94-95	Opponent automatically adds +5 to next attack.
96	Opponent automatically scores Critical Success on next attack.
97-98	Hit nearest friend. Hit self if no friend near.
99	Hit self.
100	Hit self for double damage.

FIREARM FUMBLE CHART

1-5	Misfire. Roll again, 99-100 hangfire.* (If beam weapon, technical malfunction)
6-10	Firing pin breaks. Gun may be used in future as club. (If beam or gauss weapon, technical malfunction: result same)
11-50	Misfeed.** Bullet goes off but feed mechanism jams. Average Reflexes roll to clear weapon next round. Caseless ammo weapons will only suffer this on D100 roll of 1-20, but will be impossible to repair in action. Beam weapons unaffected.
51-60	Vision obscured. All die rolls cut in half, rolling down, for next D6 turns.
61-75	Lose balance. Character must make an Difficult Reflexes roll in order to avoid falling. If character falls, must make an Average Reflexes roll to stand up on subsequent turns. If he doesn't fall, his D10 roll during his next attack is cut in half, rounding down.
76-85	Drop weapon. Average Reflexes roll on subsequent turns to pick it up.
86-90	Weapon dropped and goes off. Roll D100: 1-15 shoot self; 16-20 shoot friend; 21-25 shoot enemy; 26-100 scare the hell out of everybody.
91-94	Shoot friend. If no friend present, shoot self.
95	Shoot friend for automatic critical success.
96-98	Shoot self.
99	Shoot self for automatic critical success.
100	Weapon blows up.*** D6 points of damage to D6 parts of the body.

* Hangfire: Firearms only. The bullet will discharge randomly in the next D100 seconds. If weapon is pointed away from everyone for the appropriate length of time, no problem. If the gun is handled casually, roll D100: 1-10 shoot self; 11-15 shoot friend (self if no friend near); 16-20 shoot enemy; 21-100 miss. If the bullet is ejected and is rolling around loose when it goes off, roll D100: 1-5 shoot self, 6-7 shoot friend, or self if no friend present, 8 shoot enemy, 9-100 miss.

** Only automatics can jam. Revolvers and single-shot weapons treat as a simple miss. There is also a "saving roll" on D100 for automatics, depending on reliability: 1-60, Very Reliable weapons treat as a simple miss, 1-30 Standard weapons treat as a simple miss. 1-10, Unrealiable weapons miss.

*** There is a saving roll for this disaster on D100: 1-80, Very Reliable weapons won't blow up; 1-40, Standard weapons won't blow up.

Option #5: Throws

In this optional rule, a character who is thrown is not automatically stunned. On each subsequent round, the character rolls on the *FNFF* Consciousness Save chart for his particular wound category. If he fails, he's stunned for that round. If he succeeds he's not stunned, but he's still on the ground.

TO HAND WEAPONS CHART

Add strength modifiers to all damage. Letter values represent armor penetration values (see Option #7: Fast Kill Armor System, Pg.40)

Weapon	Die Roll
Clubbed pistol:	D6/2 (-)
Club:	D6(B)
Small knife:	D6(-)
Fighting knife short sword bayonet:	D10(B)
Rifle butt:	D6+1(B)
Thrusting sword:	D6+3(A)
Saber:	2D6(B)
Broadsword:	2D6+2(C)
Nunchuks:	D6+1(B)
Short staff/cane:	D6+2(B)
Bo/quarterstaff:	2D6+1(B)
Tonfa:	D6(B)
Tomahawk:	D6+1(B)
Axe:	D6+3(B)
Chainsaw:	4D6(C)
Shuriken:	D6/2 (-) (can be poisoned)
Hammer:	D6+2 (-)
Spear:	D10(A)
Flail:	2D6(B)
Pike:	D10+1(C)
Naginata:	D10+2(C)

Option #6: Fatigue

Most *Hardwired* actions will be short and sharp, but long exposure to combat can break even the strongest individual. Since combat situations are different and produce different stresses, firm and fast guidelines cannon be given. Players are advised to rely on good roleplaying, and take into consideration such things as the death of comrades, shock from wounds, the amount of time spent under bombardment and/or in action, state of training (if any), and the amount of time spent in close confines—e.g., inside a personnel carrier, shelter, gas mask, or hazardous environment suit. Prolonged exposure to combat stresses should result in the referee arbitrarily removing points of INT, BOD, and COOL. When COOL goes to 1, the character will either cower helplessly or flee. When BOD goes to 1, the character will undergo physical collapse. When INT goes to 1, his actions will become zombielike, and in confusing situations he will lose the ability to distinguish friend from foe, firing at anyone, enemy, comrade, or neutral, who is the least bit threatening.

Desperate players may even resort to drug use to keep their stats above minimum. Oh, dear.

GRENADES

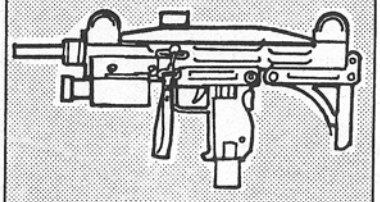
Many of the actions in Hardwired take place in the open— fields, swamps, at sea or in ruined urban areas. This allows the enterprising player to make use of grenades. Grenades can be delivered by hand or by launcher. The types of grenades and their effects are discussed below.

Type	Blast Radius	Damage
Stun	10m	2D10(B)*
Blast	8m	2D8(B)
Fragmentation	15m	D10(A) per frag
White Phosphorus	15m	D10(A) per frag +burn
Smoke	see below	n/a
Gas	see below	n/a
Thermite	12m	D10(G)heat damage

* bludgeon dmg only. Divide result by 5. Anyone looking in the direction of the flash will also be dazzled for D6 turns (if he's got his natural vision) or D6/2 turns (if he has cyberoptics withoutthe antidazzle option).

Anyone caught in the blast radius of a fragmentation or white phosporus (WP) grenade will be struck by D6+2 fragments.

"...Te panzer strikes the limo dead-on, pushing it ahead as if it were of no more weight than a bicycle..."
—Hardwired



People don't often trade in something that works for something that might work. Swords, for example, were around for centuries before guns were fully accepted, and are still around in the form of bayonets. —Mike

Smart Ammo. This is a new and nasty type of gyrojet ammo designed for the *Hardwired* universe. Smart ammo can actually follow it's target, using a tiny heatseeker head in the tip. When using smart ammo, roll 1D10. On a 6-10, the smart round has "locked onto" it's target. Once locked in, the round has an automatic +2 to hit. Smart ammo can only be fired as single shot.

Roll individually for hit location of each fragment and amount of damage. In addition, anyone struck by a WP fragment will suffer D6/2 burn damage per turn for D6/2 turns per frag. White phosphorus, smoke, and (usually) gas grenades will create an opaque cloud that stretches 20m downwind, will be 4m broad, and 2m high. WP smoke will persist D6+2 turns, the others D10+10 (assuming reasonable weather conditions). Smoke and gas are also opaque to infrared vision. Anyone firing through a smoke cloud will have to use suppressive area fire or roll a critical hit.

Gas Grenades: Gas effects of course depend on the type of gas being used. Tear gas will reduce INT, REF, and COOL by half unless a difficult BOD roll is made each turn. A -5 to any awareness rolls is due to tearing action (cyberoptics excepted). If the BOD roll is fumbled, the character is critically injured and will lose one BOD point each turn till first aid can be applied (he's choking to death).

Vomit gas has effects similar to tear gas except that BOD is also reduced by half and that the effects are a lot messier. Convulsive vomiting will continue for 3D10 minutes.

Burn gas (mustard-type gas) will cause D6 burn damage to D6/2 exposed parts of the body.

GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!

A 20th century observer visiting 2151 will find a lot that is familiar. Most personal weapons are analogs to those available in the late 20th century, and for good reason. Firearms are based on a reliable and well-understood chemical reaction that can be guaranteed to take place in a wide variety of conditions (including underwater, in freezing conditions, and in vacuum); a firearm with magazine inserted is self-contained and portable; a firearm is mechanically simple— should a firearm break, repair is relatively uncomplicated and can often be effected by non-experts; a firearm is inexpensive; and a firearm is something that everyone, even a non-expert, has a good idea of how to use. Most 21st century additions to firearm technology are simply refinements: caseless ammo, more reliable mechanics, lighter weapons, special-purpose ammunition, better sighting, larger magazines, more powerful propellant allowing smaller and lighter ammunition.

The weapons are also getting smarter. Smart weapons (ie.; weapons that can aim themselves) and even smart ammunition are available. There are alternatives to the firearm. Power storage technology and room-temperature superconductors have made personal beam and gauss weapons possible— but you have to carry a powerpack, you need a high TECH skill to repair any such weapon, and the amount of shots you can get out of one powerpack is limited. Generally the use of such weapons is confined to fighting vehicles or special-purpose units. There are a bewildering variety of weapons available.

The rules below simplify everything to a few "generic" varieties, but players should endeavor to supply the chrome all these genera lack— what the rules call a "smart medium assault rifle" firing "armor-piercing rounds," the players should endeavor to think of as a "Styer AUM-34 with Heckler & Koch sliding breechblock, flash suppressor, folding stock, and underslung argon-xenon laser sight by Sony, firing 7.65mm caseless sabot ammunition."

These Firearms charts are also cross-referenced for various types of ammunition. For standard weapons, four types are available: standard, flechette, armor-piercing (AP), and depleted-uranium armor-piercing (DPU) rounds.

Flechettes: Flechette rounds fire a swarm of needles that do little damage in and of themselves, but which can be drugged or poisoned. The # FLECH section of the Firearm Table tells how many flechettes the weapon type can carry. The mechanics for the number of flechettes hitting a target is the same as for shotguns. Each flechette will do D6+2 points of damage, and may

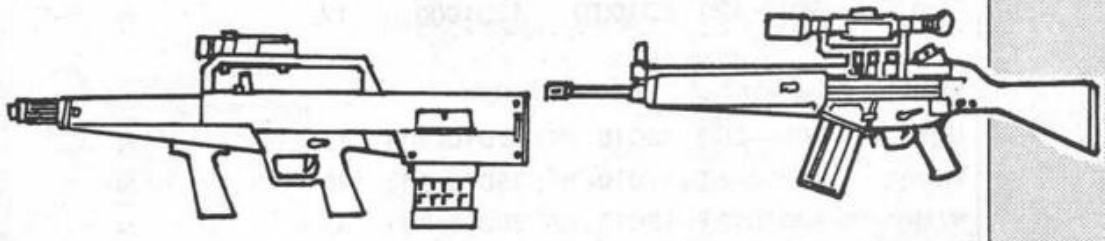
be drugged or poisoned as well. Their armor penetration rating is normally (A). It will take 30+D10 seconds for the poison/drug to take effect, during which time (considering that each combat turn is 3.2 seconds) the target may continue in combat or attempt to give himself an antidote.

AP: Armor-piercing ammo uses a variety of technologies to increase penetrating power.

Depleted Uranium: DPU uses AP technologies and features a bullet made of depleted uranium. This extremely heavy (and very expensive) round not only carries extra punch, but if the uranium hits steel (as in flack vests or laminate armor), it will heat the steel to a temperature of several thousand degrees, making any body armor unwearable and adding to the damage. (Sidebar: Optional rule: if a DPU hits steel armor and penetrates, it will do an addition D10 of damage to the target per turn until the armor is torn off the body.) Some weapons may use caseless ammunition— the bullet sits on a solid, self-consuming piece of propellant, without a metal cartridge case. Because the weapon's action is simplified— no ejection mechanism— it can be completely sealed from the environment, meaning it will never jam due to foreign matter or dirt. The rotating breech-block used with these types of weapons can fire so quickly that a 3-round burst can be got off before the firer detects any recoil, thus making the weapon uniquely accurate. When fired on full automatic, the weapon's potential rate of fire is generally reduced considerably in order to avoid wasting ammunition.

Shotguns: Shotguns are also available, some of them automatic. The rules of FNFF assume the use of 00 buckshot or a single slug. Each OO shot is the size and weight of a 9mm bullet, and can do major damage. The table below gives the number of 00 buckshot per type of shotgun or the damage from a slug.

Type	#OOShot	Slug Damage /Std.	AP	DPU
Light (16-gauge)	8	3D10(A)	5D10(B)	8D10(D)
Medium (12-gauge)	12	4D10(A)	6D10(C)	10D10(E)
Hvy (10-gauge)	16	5D10(B)	7D10(D)	12D10(F)



One of the major possiblities of 21st century tech is called *desktop engineering*. Using a Computer Aided Design (CAD) system, you can design your very own weapons, download the resulting plans to a computer driven autolathe/machine shop, and build your own gun designs. This sounds pretty amazing until your realize that we can do this right now.

Take this one step further. In *Hardwired*, there are literally *thousands* of CAD weapon programs. You can buy the right design disk, pop it into an autolathe and turn out the weapon in a matter of an hour. Certain designs will remain old standards, but this process allows for literally hundreds of design variations. This rules variation allows you to literally "kitbash" the weapon you want, if you have enough money (and the Referee lets you). Hence, the generic quality of *Hardwired* weapons.

"...She puts the Weasel through his left eye and the grin becomes a bubbling scream. He falls, a bundle of random movements, blood welling up into the ruined socket—Weasel may have scarred part of the forebrain..."
—*Hardwired*

Damage per OO shot hit: D10+2 When firing buckshot, the difference between the attacker's winning roll and the defender's losing one is the number of shot that hit. At point-blank range, all shot will hit the same part of the defender's body; at close range half will hit a second part of the body; at greater ranges, dice individually for each hit.

FIREARM TABLES

Weapon	Damage per ammo type: Std.	AP	DPU	#FLECH.	CONCEAL
Pistols					
Small cal.	D10(A)	D12(A)	2D10(C)	6	P
Med. cal.	D10+3(A)	2D6+2(B)	3D10+2(D)	9	J*
Hvy. cal.	2D6+2(A)	2D10+2(C)	5D10+3(E)	12	J
V.Hvy.cal.	2D10+2(B)	3D10+3(D)	8D10+3(F)	16	L
Machine Pistols					
Small cal.	D10(A)	D12(A)	2D10(C)	6	L*
Med. cal.	D10+3(A)	2D6+2(B)	3D10+2(D)	9	L*
Hvy. cal.	2D6+2(A)	2D10+2(C)	5D10+3(E)	12	L*
V.Hvy.cal.	2D10+2(B)	3D10+3(D)	8D10+3(F)	16	L*
Assault Rifles					
Small cal.	3D10(A)	5D10(C)	10D10(F)	9	N
Med. Cal.	3D10+3(B)	6D10(D)	12D10(F)	12	N
Machine guns					
Light	10D6+2(C)	10D10+2(E)	12D10+3(F)	12	N
Heavy	10D10+2(D)	12D10+3(F)	15D10+3(F)	20	N
V. Hvy	12D10+2(E)	15D10+3(F)	20D10+3(F)	35	N
Gatling gun					
(30mm)	60D10(F)	60D10(F)	90D10(F)	n/a	N

*Machine pistols may be bought in smaller, more concealable varieties, making their concealment code J rather than L. There will also be a fall-off in accuracy, as demonstrated in the Attack Modifier Table.

AMMO LOADS

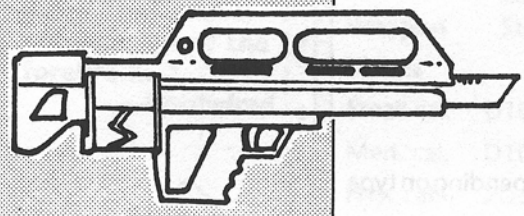
(Guidelines only: Individual weapons will vary considerably)

Small caliber revolver:	5
Medium caliber revolver:	5 or 6
Heavy and very heavy caliber revolver:	6
Small caliber semiautomatic pistol:	7
Med.-v.heavy cal. semiautomatic pistol:	15
Small and med. cal. machine pistols (standard action):	50
Heavy and v. heavy cal. machine pistols (standard action):	25-35.
Machine pistols using caseless ammo:	80
Gauss machine pistols:	100
Lt. assault rifle (standard action):	50
Medium assault rifle (standard action):	35-40
Assault rifle (caseless ammo):	100
Gauss rifle:	160
Machine gun:	350
Gatling gun:	1500
Shotgun:	2-20, depending on type
Beam weapon (hand-held):	20+D10.
Beam weapon (emplaced):	unlimited as long as the power isn't cut off
Grenade launcher:	1
Auto grenade launcher:	15

RATES OF FIRE

(per 3.2 second phase. Individual weapons will vary considerably)

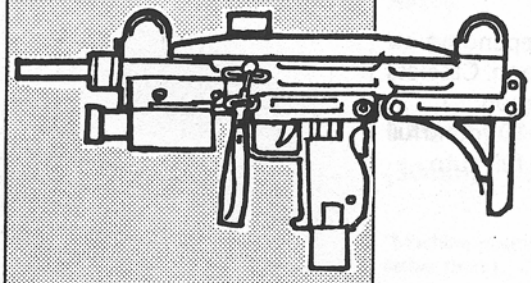
Single-action pistol:	1
Double action or semiautomatic pistol:	2
Light, medium SMG:	1, 3-round burst, 25 full auto.
Heavy, very-heavy SMG:	1, 3-round burst, 20 full auto.
Light assault rifle:	1, 3-round burst, 25 full auto.
MG:	5-round burst, 35 full auto.
Gyrojet ammo weapon:	as above, depending on class of weapon. Caseless ammo weapon: 1, 3-round burst, 10-round full auto or 100 full auto.



ATTACK MODIFIERS

Modifiers for accuracy, which include ease of handling and effects of recoil, are as follows. All are cumulative.

Small-caliber pistol:	-1
Concealable medium-caliber pistol:	-1
Heavy, very-heavy caliber pistol:	+1
Concealable SMG:	-2
Assault rifle:	+1
Machine gun (braced or bipod):	+1
Machine gun (tripod):	+2
Machine gun (hand-held):	-2
Gatling gun (hand-held):	-5
Gyrojet round:	+2
Caseless ammo:	+2
Gauss weapon:	+2
Beam weapon:	+2
Point-blank (single shot):	+1
Point-blank (burst):	+2
Point-blank (full auto):	+5
Close Range (burst):	+1
Close Range (full auto):	+3
Medium Range (single shot):	-1
Medium Range (burst):	-2
Medium Range (full auto):	-3
Long Range (single shot):	-3
Long Range (burst):	-4
Long Range (full auto):	-6
Extreme range (single shot):	-5
Extreme range (burst):	-7
Extreme range (full auto):	-10
Smart ammo:	+2



RELIABILITY

(individual weapons may vary)

Small caliber semiautomatic pistol:	UR or ST
Other pistol:	VR
SMG:	ST
Concealable SMG:	UR
Assault rifle:	VR
Machine gun:	VR
Gatling gun:	ST
Gyrojet weapon:	ST
Caseless ammo weapon:	VR
Beam weapon:	UR
Gauss weapon:	UR

OTHER COMMON FIREARMS

Gyrojets: Some weapons may be of the gyrojet variety, firing (instead of a standard bullet) a small rocket. Gyrojet weapons are virtually recoilless— the only recoil is from the hammer dropping on the firing pin—and are very accurate. Gyrojet weapons may also be equipped with (extremely pricey) smart ammo, which will use a series of passive detectors to follow the target and will increase accuracy. Smart ammo may be had in standard and AP configuration only—a depleted-uranium bullet would lose its effect if riddled with electronics.

Gauss Weapons (Railguns): Players may also acquire gauss weapons, in which a series of stepped magnetic fields are used to accelerate ferrous ammunition. These weapons are fairly quiet (the only sound is the crack made by the bullet itself as it exceeds the speed of sound), have no recoil, but are technically complex. Gauss weapons may also use smart ammo.

Lasers: Laser weapons are available for the true technophile. These can be tuned to become invisible (why give your position away with a red beam when you can keep it in the microwave range?), but not silent (the beams excite the hell out of the air molecules they pass through, making a very loud bang similar to a gunshot). And forget the business of beam weapons cauterizing wounds—these beam weapons are tuned to the harmonic frequency of the body's water, creating instant steam explosions that blow bloody great chunks out of people.

Beam weapon damage is as follows:

Weapon	Damage
Light weapon:	2D10 (B)
Medium weapon:	3D10+2 (C)
Heavy weapon: (stationary or vehicle-mounted only)	10D10+3 (F)

Speaking of Damage

Caseless, gauss, and gyrojet weapons are available in all normal firearm varieties. Individual differences can be handled through modifiers to play rather than through separate tables.

As stated above, the guns and ammunition used in Hardwired are given generic values. Players and referees should be aware that there are many variations on all of these weapons, and if a player wants a weapon configured to his specifications, he can probably find one—though it may cost him extra.

ARMOR

Defensive weaponry has also evolved. Besides the use of steel (as in flack jackets) and epoxides (as in kevlar vests), much use has been made of laminates, in which thin layers of steel, epoxides, and ceramics are bonded together to form an near-impregnable sandwich. Epoxides have been made more flexible—wearing a kevlar vest is about as much fun as wearing a life jacket, but 21st century epoxides can be woven into street clothing without a loss of motion or fashion. Laminate armor can be inserted into hidden inner pockets for extra protection. Here are the various possibilities. Armor has been rated A through G for ease of penetration.

Leather. (A) Looks nifty, but isn't it a little warm? SP 4.
Epoxide vest. (B) Covers the torso only. SP 10.
Steel helmet. (C) Heavy but effective. SP 14
Epoxide jacket or pants. (B) SP 18
Steel flack vest. (C) SP 20
Epoxide helmet. (D) SP 24

Laminated armor jacket: Torso (E), arms (B). Basically an epoxide jacket with laminate inserts guarding vital areas. Bulky, but can be worn on the street without attracting too much attention. The steel in the inserts will set off metal detectors, however. SP 28 (torso), 10 (arms).

As a rule, Referees can rule that for every variation or change on the basic "generic" weapon, the cost will increase by 10%. For example, raising the accuracy and magazine capacity of a small caliber semiautomatic would increase it's cost by 20%, from $50.00 to $60.00.

For example, an (A) rated slug rips through (B) rated armor, doing 16 points. Eight go into the armor, and eight go into your body.

This system is a lot faster than the basic SP system in FNFF; however, it can reduce a low-armored man to hamburger in short order. Thats why it's a *fast kill* system...

Laminated flack jacket. Too heavy for streetwear. Worn by combat troops or those expecting serious trouble. (F) SP 35.

Light vehicle armor. (F) SP 40
Heavy vehicle armor. (G) SP 100-800.

Option #7: The Fast Kill Armor System

There are two ways to get through armor. The first is through brute force, as in *FNFF*. If your attack dice exceeds the SP of the armor, the remainder is transmitted to the target. If armor is pierced, its SP is reduced by one, as the integrity of its construction has been violated.

The other way is to **outclass** it. A weapon rated (A) on the Firearms Table will automatically pierce armor rated (A), but not anything better. A weapon rated (E) will automatically pierce armor rated (A) through (E), but not (F) through (G). Any shot that pierces armor automatically expends half its force on the armor, and the other half on the target.

If the armor *stops* the round from penetrating, the kinetic force of the projectile may still be projected onto the target. Half the projectile's force will be transmitted to the target, but only as bludgeon damage. Divide damage points by 5 and refer to the Wound Table in *FNFF*. Remember that head shots count double.

Speaking of Head Shots: An open helmet won't protect you from a shot in the face. All things being equal, there is a 60% chance of any given head shot hitting the helmet (unless the shot was from behind, in which case the chance is 100%). Epoxide helmets can have a transparent face shield made out of the same material as the helmet, which will protect the face from any shot.

GETTING SMART

After all the above, your players may be getting a bit paranoid. The nature of 21st century combat is so deadly that many player-characters may decide that becoming sewer workers in Dubuque is preferable to continued play.

Relax, dude. All these murderous possibilities should act to make you smarter. If you're smart enough, you won't end up in combat at all.

Here are some sneaky ways to get around the bad guys. Infrared detectors can't penetrate smoke or dust. Eyes without the anti-dazzle option can be rendered temporarily useless by flash grenades, lasers, or unexpected flares. Hardwired (and other) communications can be jammed. Beam weapons can be rendered useless by pulling the plug on the powerpack. The most sophisticated electronics can be neutralized with a simple hammer.

Cyborg on your trail? Hit him with vomit gas and see if he's still got flesh-and-blood lungs (they usually do). Got yourself a captive? Don't know whether she's got cyberwear that could eviscerate you the second your back is turned? Get her in handcuffs. Put a bag over her head. Throttle her into unconsciousness. Whack her with sleep gas. If she's got artificial limbs, remove them. Don't give them a chance to react. Hit them from behind with a crowbar. Drop something on them from a tall building. Booby-trap their bed. Put knockout drops in their drink. Plant something incriminating on them and then let the cops— or another gang— do your job for you.

In short, get smart.

GASSSSSS

And if you've got to deal with someone face-to-face, blast them up close with a whiff of gas. Lots of people carry personal containers of MACE, or compressed-air inhalers loaded with their favorite psychoactive substance. Most will get through detectors. They will hold D6+6 shots of whatever chemical you want to load in them. You need to be at point-blank range (+1) and facing your opponent. If the op-

ponent is unresisting you need to make a REF roll of 15 or better— and you get a +3 bonus for the opponent being surprised. If you're trying to deliver the spray during a fight, you need to beat that particular opponent's defense roll, and you have a -1 to your roll because it's fairly easy to dodge once you know what it is. It's also helpful to have windless conditions. Various loads are discussed below:

Mace: As any survivor of 1960s demonstrations will tell you, there's nothing like acrolein (trademarked MACE) for reducing a victim to a pain-blinded, bubbly mass of mucous. A shot of this stuff will reduce your INT and COOL to 1 and halve your REF and MA. Acrolein is easily made in a home laboratory with a TECH roll of 20 and the appropriate distilling equipment. A shot will last about half an hour.

Tear and Vomit Gas: The victim must make a BOD roll of 20 to avoid its effects, which are described above, under Grenades.

Acid or Burn Gas: D6 burn damage to the opponent's face.

Sleep Gas: Victim must make a BOD roll of 20 in order not tovisit slumberland.

Neurotoxin: The victim must make a BOD roll of 20 in order not to drop dead. (And while we're on the subject)

POISON

Flechette rounds, as described above, can be poisoned, usually with either sleep drugs or neurotoxins. Since the drug enters the system through the muscle rather than directly, as with a gas or ingestion, there will be a delay before the drug takes effect: D10+30 seconds. If the attacker makes a critical hit, the flechette is assumed to have hit an artery or other vulnerable location and will take effect immediately. Roll for each flechette hit.

Neurotoxin will cause a BOD roll to be made. Failure to make a roll of 15 results in death, failure to make 20 results in unconsciousness. Application of an antidote will allow any failed rolls to be rerolled, with a +3 to the total. The halving of the various stats will continue for 3D10 minutes.

Sleep: will also require an immediate BOD roll. Failure to make15 results in unconsciousness, failure to make 20 results in REF, INT, and BOD being halved for 2D10 turns.

Results of other types of poison— psychotropic drugs, say—should be improvised by the referee.

SECURITY DEVICES

With all this lethal hardware floating around, technology has responded. Even modest businesses can afford scanners at the door that will let the operators know if a customer is packing before they let him inside. Some of the scanners— required by law to display a warning— are equipped with lethal weaponry that will fire lasers, shotguns, flechette weapons, or whatever at anyone failing to pass the test. Most will just set off alarms, but still it isn't going to do your public cool a whole lot of good to startbells ringing every time you walk through a door. In some bad neighborhoods the business might have someone behind bulletproof glass who can collect weapons through a slit similar to those used at drive-up banks. Most implant hardware isn't detectable, though an SMG concealed in a cyberarm certainly is. And if you've got a flamethrower in there, you might be advised to leave the fuel canister in the car. A plastic gun will pass the scan 60% of the time. But why mess with it at all?

Get hardwired instead, and leave the weaponry at home.

BOD ROLL=
The number of points put into your Body Type+1D10
versus
the Difficulty Level of the Task.

GREAT GOONS!

One of the perennial problems of being a referee is the time and trouble of rolling up NPCs. This is particularly difficult for Cyberpunk, since you not only have to generate their basic stats, but figure out their cyberequipment. The following system makes the whole process a lot easier. The Goon Chart below will allow you to keep track of up to six goons. Make a few photocopies for your own use and use the rules below to generate your own hordes of useful cannon fodder.

1) **STATS**: Begin by rolling 1D10 for each stat, INT through EMP. The best way is just to roll 9D10 all at once, then line up the dice vertically. If any dice comes up 1, roll it again. As an option, you can shift points between stats as you see fit.

2) **ROLES**: After this, decide on the NPC's role— Techie, Solo, etc. Then rolling a percentage each time , use the tables below to equip the character with the appropriate cyberware.

Where a plus value is indicated, add this value to the percentage rolled. Example: you roll a 35 on the Hardwriring Chart. The character is a solo (+20). Your roll upgrades to a 55, giving that character Owari hardwiring.

WARE CHARTS

HARDWIRING (boosterware): +20 solos and cops, +10 netrunners, nomads . Roll percentage.

1-60	none
61-70	+1 inhaler (Owari)
71-80	+1 wired (Santistevan)
81-90	+2 inhaler (Owari)
91-100	+2 wired (Santistevan) 10% chance of sensory booster

CYBEROPTICS +20 solos, cops, private cops, +10 techies, fixers, media. Roll percentage.

1-60	none
61-70	basic eyes
71-75	eyes + infrared
76-78	eyes + micro
79-81	eyes + camera
82-88	eyes + targeting
88-91	eyes + lowlight
92	eyes + dartgun
93	eyes + .22
94	eyes + hi-res
95	eyes + infrared + lowlight
96	eyes + lowlight + antidazzle
97	eyes + infrared + targeting
98	eyes + targeting + hi-res
99	eyes + targeting + lowlight + antidazzle
100	eyes + targeting + gun + antidazzle

CYBERAUDIO +20 rockerboys, corporates, media, +10 techies, netrunners, cops, private cops. Roll percentage.

1-50	none
51-60	wearman
61-70	radio splice
71-80	phone link
81-85	phone + bug detector
86-88	phone + wearman + bug detector
88-91	phone + bug detector + ECM
92-95	phone + microrecorder + bug detector
96-100	phone + microrecorder + bug detector + ECM

OPTIONWARE

Plugs: basic 30% chance, D10/2 in number 30% techies and netrunners, +20% rockers and media +10% solos, cops. Others: fixers and private cops +5, solos and cops +10. Roll percentage.

1-60	None
61-70	Big Knucks
71-80	Scratchers
81-85	Rippers
86-90	Slice 'n' Dice
91-95	Cybersnake
96-97	Vampires
98	Rippers + vampires
99	Rippers + cybersnake
100	Slice 'n' Dice + cybersnake.

ALL PURPOSE GOON CHART

	1	2	3	4	5	6
ROLE						
STATS						
INT						
REF						
COOL						
TECH						
LUCK						
ATTR						
MA						
BOD						
EMP						
BOOSTER						
AUDIO						
OPTICS						
OPTIONS						
CHIPWARE						
SKILLS						
PERSONALITY						
MOTIVATIONS						
COMPETENCE						
AGGRESSIVENESS						
GLITCH(ES)						

CHIPWARE
Must have plugs to use: Techies +20 . Roll percentage.

1-50	none
51-75	one chip (appropriate)
76-95	two chips
96-100	three chips
100	+D6+2

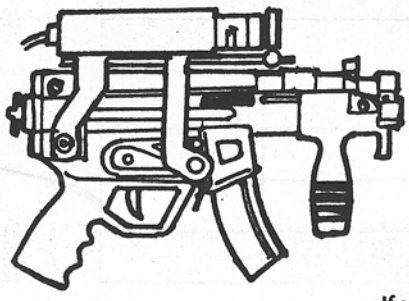
HARDWARE
+10 solos, cops, nomads. Roll percentage.

1-80	none
81-90	1 arm
91-95	2 legs
96-98	2 arms
99	2 arms, 2 legs
100	body plating

If your character has a cyberarm, roll again to see if it comes with anything special.

ARMS

1-50	No enhancements
51-65	boosted strength
66-70	pistol
71-73	SMG
74-75	napalm jet
75-95	punch daggers
96-97	strength plus pistol
98	strength + SMG
99	strength + daggers
100	strength + SMG + plating



If your character has cyberlegs, roll again.

LEGS

1-60	no enhancements
61-75	knife
76-85	gun
85-91	shotgun
92-96	strength
96	strength + knife
97	strength + gun
98	strength + shotgun
99-100	strength + weapon + plating

4) **HUMANITY LOSS:** For each piece of cyberwear, roll D10: on a 6-10, remove one Empathy point. For each piece of techware added to an implant (example: adding IR scanner or dart gun to eyes), add +1 to the die roll.

5) **SKILLS:** First, you must choose what skills the character has. This can be done by using the lists from the original Cyberpunk rules. Primary skills are skills your character is bound to have acquired (i.e., combat skills for solos, tech skills for netrunners and techies). Secondary skills are those you've decided your character possesses in addition to his primaries. To see what level each skill is at, roll D10.

PRIMARY SKILLS:

1-5	+2
6-8	+3
9	+4
10	D6+3

SECONDARY SKILLS

1-6	+1
7-9	+2
10	D4+1

6) **PERSONALITY:** Next, if the NPC is going to be interacting in any significant way with your player-characters, you may wish to give him a personality. This can be done with the Physical & Mental Background Generator in Cyberpunk, or with the tables below. Roll 1D10 each for readouts on the character's Chief Motivation, Competence, and Aggression. Then supply individual quirks via the Glitch Table. (SEE page 45)

7) **GLITCHES:** Glitches are a measure of a character's individual quirks. Roll 1D10 to find out how many glitches a character possesses.

1-5	1 glitch
6-8	2 glitches
9-10	3 glitches

For each glitch, roll 2D10. Cross-index the first roll with the second to produce each glitch. (SEE see page 45)

Glitch Table

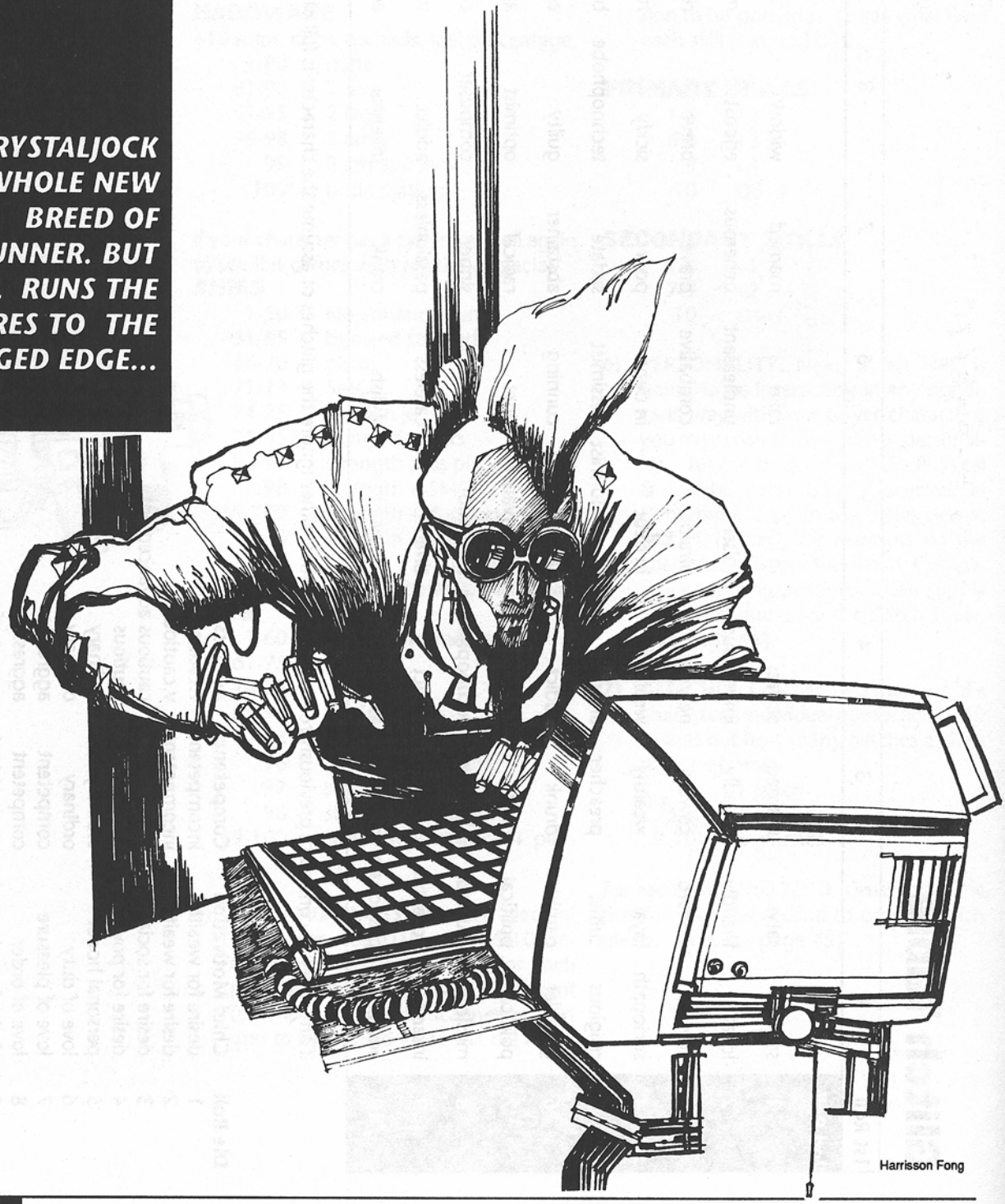
1st Roll	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
2nd Roll										
1	seducer	satyr	married	sexless	in love	rake	married	widow	ref's choice	silly
2	loyal	friendly	friendly	impetuous	miser	unpleasant	generous	egotist	manipulative	solitary
3	coward	coward	coward	nervous	afraid	combative	brave	brave	reckless	killer
4	sociopath	loyal	wealthy	wealthy	in debt	in debt	poor	sickly	robust	jolly
5	religious	cultist	preacher	angry	nonconformist	pessimist	sedate	technophobe	bland	skeptic
6	gambler	gambler	drunk	addict	sadist	cunning	abstainer	guilty	addict	cultist
7	political	political	thief	conservative	conservative	poet	radical	optimist	angry	radical
8	musician	musician	clever	technophobe	sociopath	artist	singer	composer	compassionate	spacey
9	insane	eccentric	brutal	addict	timid	careless	passionless	addict	traitor	treacherous
10	addict	passionate	childish	assured	angry	stylish	crank	inventor	addict	religious

If any glitches contradict previously rolled characteristics, either ignore the glitches or assume the character is full of contradictions.

Die Roll	Chief Motivation	Competence	Aggression
1	desire for wealth	incompetent	v.cautious
2	desire for wealth	incompetent	v.cautious
3	desire for social	inept	cautious advancement
4	desire for power	ordinary	cautious
5	personal honor	ordinary	ordinary
6	love of duty	ordinary	ordinary
7	love of pleasure	competent	aggressive
8	love of order	competent	aggressive
9	desire for cybertech	v.competent	v.aggressive
10	personal egotism	brilliant	berserker

NETRUNNING

THE CRYSTALJOCK IS A WHOLE NEW BREED OF NETRUNNER. BUT HE STILL RUNS THE WIRES TO THE RAGGED EDGE...



Harrisson Fong

NETRUNNING IN HARDWIRED

Anyone can get into the Net. But not just anyone can be a Runner. A netrunner has to be fast and sharp—or she may wind up dead.

Fried brains? No, in *Hardwired,* that technology hasn't yet been developed. Nobody dies in the Net. Dying *because* of what one does in the Net—that's different. Monitors are everywhere, and Sysops are on the watch; it takes real ingenuity to run the Net without being noticed. One false step and a Runner can lose his account and be back at square one with the illiterates....and perhaps with Big Brother knocking at the door.

To get a real feel for *Hardwired's* netrunning world, go down to the video store and rent a copy of the movie *Wargames.* Note how the hero (capably played by Matthew Broderick), gets into various accounts through deducing codes, file names and access gates. This is the key to 'running in *Hardwired.*

The canned programs that are the staple of *Cyberpunk* are seldom used, many are too well known and defenses have been designed to counter them In addition, the Orbitals have introduced their own versions into the market—sabotaged, of course. (There is a 35% chance that any canned program a crystaljock purchases has been booby-trapped, either to destroy the crystaljock's deck and all his files (10%) or to implant subliminal instructions in the crystaljock's brain (25%) which will cause him to carry out the seller's bidding, such as kill any employee of the competition he may encounter.)

Besides, any crystaljock worthy of the name can write much better stuff than the canned tripe. He uses EBASIC—Evolved BASIC—the state-of-the-art programming language that has universally replaced all other languages (like Fortran and COBOL). In the end, a Netrunner must use programming and his own wits to survive.

THE BAD GUYS: SYSOPS

A Sysop, or System Operator, is a person who oversees the operations of a computer system. He is on the lookout for crystaljocks using his system illegally—when your account dies, it's because the Sysop has noticed your unauthorized activity and terminated the account. Some Sysops are more easygoing than others and are willing to chat with crystaljocks. They may even be talked into providing crystaljocks with accounts upon occasion.

It is more likely, however, that the Sysop will try to trace the crystaljock and discover his identity (after all, that's his job). The Sysop may call in the police and/or press charges against the crystaljock. That's if the crystaljock is lucky. The Sysop might also decide to call in mercenaries or corporate goons to go to the crystaljock's hideout, beat him into a pulp, and destroy or confiscate his deck and LC blocks. (This is one reason why mighty crystaljocks deign to associate with lowly solos.)

The *Hardwired* universe is very different than the Net of *Cyberpunk.* For one thing, there's no *there* there— no vast "conceptual hallucination" (to quote cyberpunk author William Gibson) in which netrunners can meet. Instead, netrunning in Hardwired is very much like hacking in the 20th century. Many 'Runners (known as crystaljocks), use keyboards instead of jacks. Instead of moving into data fortresses or cracking systems directly, the crystaljock tries to enter via computer passwords, system files and bulletin boards. There isn't even a "Net"; the crystaljock calls this web of telecommunications lines the 'face (Short for the interface).

The *Hardwired* universe doesn't have all the nifty lethal programming of *Cyberpunk.* This is a hacker's universe, and designed for hacking, rather than a video game run. But if you're feeling nasty, you can assume that in *your* game that the various killer programs of *Cyberpunk* do exist and can be activated as needed.

Obviously, those programs which do things directly to the crystaljock/netrunner's brain will only work if he is using a direct plug into the face. However, deck killers like ***Poison Flatline*** will wipe out even keyboard decks.

The "nasty program" phase of combat should take place whenever a crystaljock has been detected by a Sysop. Combat is as in *Cyberpunk* (*View From the Edge*, pg. 37), but the crystaljock uses his System Knowledge Skill instead of his Interface Ability. If he is using a direct plug link to the face, he may add an additional +2 to his rolls. However, he risks the chance that he will get clobbered by a serious program.

The easiest way to think of working the 'face is to think of it as a series of roadways, along which you are driving a car. As with any journey, the first place you start from is Home.

In our car analogy, Home is the place where you start your trip.

Think of the Local Enviroment as the "place" you are driving to. For example, if you drove to a drive-in, that would currently be the Local environment. When you drove to a motel, that would become the Local environment. Another name for local environment is system.

THE 'FACE

The first thing a crystaljock needs to know about the world of the interface is how it's constructed. The 'face is made up of five areas: **Home, Local Environment, Bulletin Boards, the Workspace** and **Paths.**

Home

The crystaljock's point of origin is called "Home." Usually this is the crystaljock's deck, but if he is using a terminal on a computer system or some other means of accessing the Net, then that is Home.

Local Environment

The Local environment is a term meaning the computer you are currently in. When a crystaljock first enters the 'Face, before making any connections to other systems, his Local environment is his Home environment or computer. When he moves to another system (such as a corporate computer or bulletin board) using one of his account numbers, *that* computer system becomes his Local environment.

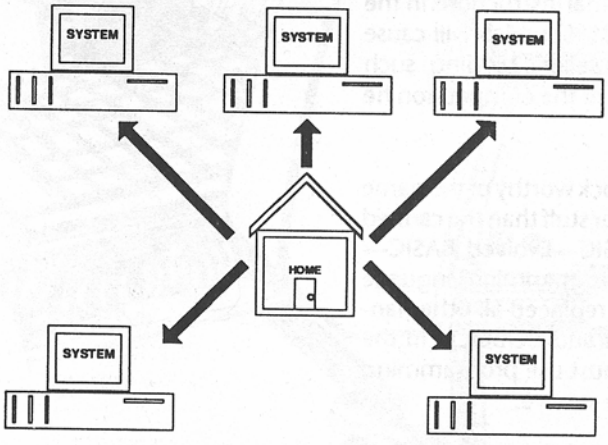
While in the local environment, the crystaljock can ask that computer to perform certain tasks for him, depending on his level of skill and access to that system. He can instruct that computer to open accounts for him, copy account files to his Home environment computer, move files around or even delete files. If, of course, he has the right passwords.

Bulletin Boards: One special type of local environment that you will often encounter is a **bulletin board**. A bulletin board (or BBS) is a computer system used to exchange information electronically, in the form of messages, articles, "face to face" conversations, etc. The bulletin board Sysop usually starts a crystaljock out with a limited access that allows him to send and receive mail, participate in discussions, mail-order shop for things, and read various announcements provided for the bulletin board's users. Most bulletin boards are public and can be reached by simply entering the 'face and calling up the board. Some of these have themes of interest or offer specific services—such as the Mercs-R-Us board in "Trojan's Run."

Private bulletin boards are set up by small groups for their own use. Access to these is limited to those in the group. Crystaljock boards and Black Market boards fall into this category.

Paths

The sequence of systems through which a crystaljock or his programs have passed is called his **path.** (Example: You use the



going from Home to new local enviroments

'face to link through Los Angeles to Honolulu to Tokyo, enter the Tokyo phone company's system through a account, and enter that account's inter-office mail files. Your path is LA/Honolulu/Tokyo/ Bell Telecommunications/Mail.) A crystaljock can use a PATH (see Programming, pg. 56) command to send things to other directories or systems, provided his account is high-level enough to do so. Keeping track of various paths is important, as they allow the crystaljock to move things around between different accounts and systems.

ACCOUNTS

Accounts are the the backbone of the 'face. They are where information is stored, moved to and removed from. The best way to think of an account is to compare it to a savings account in a bank. When you open a bank account, the bank gives you a code number which you use to put money into the bank or take it out again. If someone else had your code number (or *account* number), they could possibly go to your bank and take out all the money you had placed there.

'Face accounts are like bank accounts. You apply to the Sysop of that particular computer system, who, like a banker, opens an account for you and gives you an account number to allow you to access your new account. Each account resides in a particular computer system, and each has it's own account number.

To keep people from illicitly entering your account, the Sysop allows you to choose or invent your own secret code, which must be used along with your account number to open your account. He keeps a record of this in his computer, and watches to make sure that no one else enters your accounts without permission.

Anyone with a telephone service *automatically* has an account allowing basic access to the 'face. It's part of the phone bill. Access to the computer systems that fascinate 'crystaljocks is another matter—such accounts are hard to come by. Occasionally they may be purchased (expensively), but the majority of a crystaljock's accounts are obtained illicitly.

Illegal or unpaid-for accounts have a limited lifespan (3D10 weeks) before they are discovered and terminated by the system operators. The lifespan is shortened every time another person obtains access. (If Johnny Hack trades the account to 30 other crystaljocks, it will die very quickly.) This applies only to illicitly obtained accounts, of course. Accounts that the crystaljock is paying for, such as bulletin boards, will not die. (Usually.)

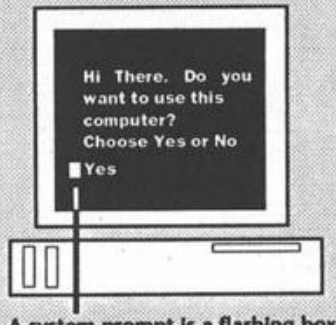
A crystaljock keeps a stable of around three to eighteen accounts of various types, obtaining their numbers and passwords by stealing passwords or by trade with other crystaljocks. (It is possible for an unwary crystaljock to trade information with a Sysop or a cop, with obvious results.) A crystaljock who doesn't have something worth trading can owe favors to other crystaljocks, but will soon have nobody to trade with if the favors aren't fulfilled.

As the game continues, the crystaljock will need to gain new accounts to replace those which die, or to meet the needs of a specific mission. This is done by **hacking**—illegally figuring out ways to get new accounts or the codes for existing accounts.

TYPES OF ACCOUNTS

Open Door: A demo or games account. Many systems have them under names like "game," "demo," or "hello," without passwords. This type of account is very limited; no programming may be done from the account, no access to other files is allowed. The crystaljock may attempt to get past the routine that runs the games or demo (roll System Knowledge skill vs 20), which may get him into the main system. He can then look at the directory of the open door account, which will contain all the files used to run the games or the demo program, and may also contain useful information, such as account numbers or names. From the system prompt, the crystaljock may try to run HELP for more information about his local environment, or may look in

If your trip through the 'face is like a trip on a road, the Path would be a roadmap showing your entire trip. Like a roadmap, you could use a Path to direct other people to where they wanted to go (or send files down a Path to your Home).



A system prompt is a flashing box or arrow that tells you when you have reached the main system of the computer and can possibly access other accounts.

A public account or file is one which anyone in that particular system can get into. However, certain accounts are limited to only reading these contents of a public file. For example, a phone directory is a public file, but only the Telephone Company can add new numbers to it.

the mailbox (if there is one). He can read what's there, but cannot read mail in any other accounts, and cannot send mail. Not much else can be done in an open door account.

Limited: The kind of account held by an average employee of a company. Can read and write files only in your own personal account. Can read but not write into any public accounts or files. Can run programs that are already on the system (such as word processing or games). Cannot be used to create or execute other programs. Can receive and send mail if you know the proper account number to send it to.

Programmer: In addition to the rights of a Limited account, programmer accounts can be used to write and run programs that will act within your personal accounts. May use public files for information, but may not write into or erase public files.

Accountant: This kind of account is held by business owners or accountants, and has control of financial data. Often this will include authorization of financial transactions, control of stocks and monetary accounts, etc. Includes full access to financial data, which is not usually public.

Sysop: The System Operator has supreme control of the computer. This kind of account includes the power to create and destroy new accounts of any level; read, write and delete (erase) any files on the system (in any account); access to all accounts and passwords, etc. (In short, omnipotence.)

Back Door: A secret command password which, when entered from any other system account (including open doors) bypasses all system security and temporarily changes the level of the account to Sysop. These powerful commands are created by Sysops for their own use and are tough to find.

Starting Accounts

A new crystaljock rolls 3D6 to determine the number of accounts he has. For each account, roll 1D10 against the following table. For a roll of 10, roll again. Each level includes the rights of the preceding level(s). (Note: Basic 'face access is a Limited account.)

D10 Roll	Level
1	Open Door
2-5	Limited
6-8	Programmer
9	Accountant
10	Roll again: 1-7 Accountant 8-9 Back Door 10 Sysop

The value of an account will depend on the crystaljock's needs and on the type of system the account is on. For example, a Sysop account on the computer of Mom & Pop's Floral Shoppe may be practically useless, while a even a Limited account on Thaler Corporation's mainframe may give access to very valuable information. Use the following table to determine what kind of person or company owns the system the account is on.

Roll (D100)	System
01-25	Bulletin Board
26-28	Crystaljocks' Bulletin Board
29-30	Black Market Bulletin Board
31-40	Small Business
41-50	Large Business
51-55	Chain storerestaurant
56-60	Transportation Company Terminal
61-65	City or State Government
66-70	Police
71-75	Hospital
76-80	High School
81-85	College or University
86-90	Phone Company (Ref determines area)
91-94	Mercenary Company
95-96	Bank
97-98	Face Bank
99-100	Orbital

FILES

Inside every account are hundreds of **files.** Files are what the crystaljock is after. A file can contain information (such as correspondence or accounting info) or programs. The **filename** can be any name, series of letters, or group of words that the computer uses to identify a file. A filename can be any length (even a sentence). An example of a file name might be PATTY'S JUNK, which is a name of a file holding Patty's letters and notes, and is kept in Patty's personal account.

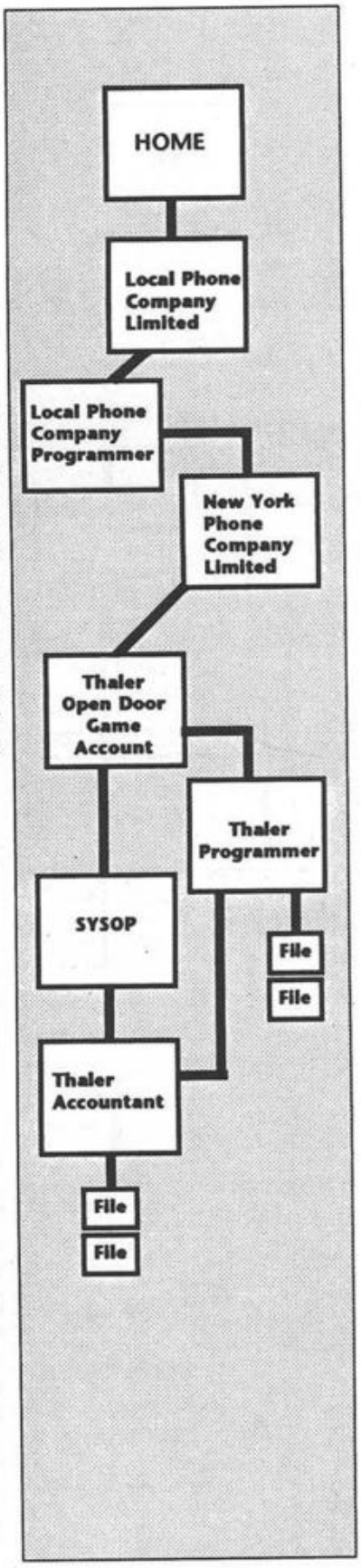
If a crystaljock were planning to, let's say, lift a million dollars out of a Thaler account, he would first of all have to get the account number and password to enter the account. He would then have to locate the exact file in which Thaler kept it's accounting information, and manipulate that file to transfer a million dollars out of that file into a file of his own.

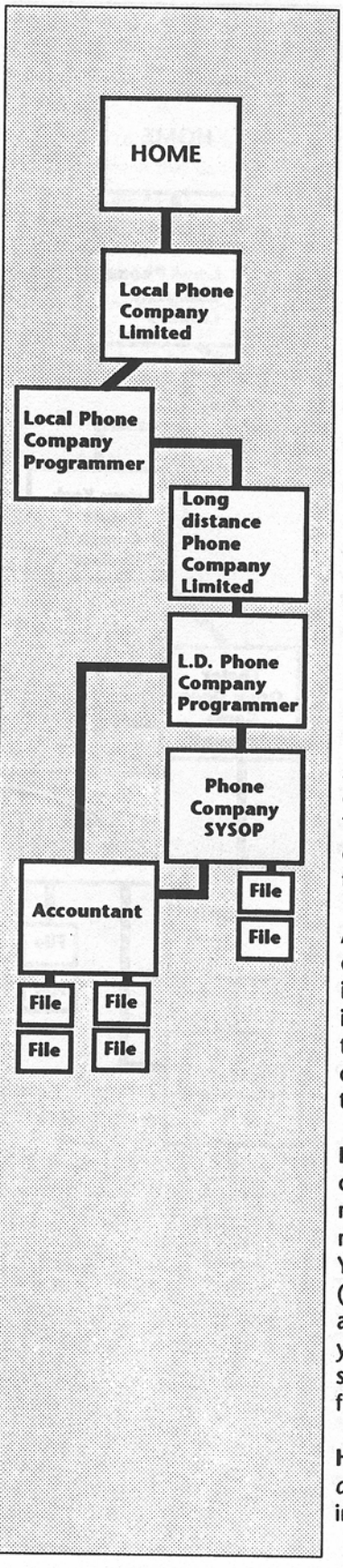
MORE CRYSTAL-JOCK TERMS

Here are a few more terms you'll encounter as a novice crystaljock:

Crash: A crash is a catastrophic system failure caused by programming error or physical disruption of the hardware.

Workspace: The workspace is a place in your account that contains whatever data the crystaljock is currently looking at or working on. Think of the workspace as a "desk on which the crystaljock is currently working, taking things out of his account files, spreading them out in the workspace, and working on them there. The workspace can contain more data than is visible on a computer screen. Things in the workspace can be lost through power outages or other computer crashes, unless they have been copied into a file. (Example: You





are editing a previously written program file—a file that has been currently moved to your workspace. If the system crashes, you will lose what was in the workspace, but you can reload the most recently saved version of the file.)

Backing Up: Any time a crystaljock is working on a program or with data, he must regularly "save" his work or risk losing it in a crash. Saving means you instruct the computer to make a permanent copy of what is being worked on, so that it cannot be lost. You save something by using the SAVE command (see below). A crystaljock must specify that he is backing up or saving his files, or the Referee may assume he forgot to do so.

LC and LC Matrixes: All information that can be stored in a computer system is stored on LC (Liquid Crystal) matrixes. A sugar-cube sized matrix holds several hundred files or small programs and costs around $100; a candy-bar sized matrix holds several thousand files or small programs and costs $500. LC tabs, about 5mm square, will hold about twenty files or small programs each and costs $25. These are popular novelty items—female crystaljocks have been known to use them to decorate their fingernails.

An LC matrix may be built into a computer or may be kept separate and only inserted into the computer when the information inside needs to be used. This a good way to back up data—if a system crashes and data is lost, it may be re-copied back onto the system from a backup LC Matrix.

Directory: A directory is a list of the files contained in an account or stored on an LC memory chip. To be "in" a directory means you can look at a list of it's contents. You do this by using a LIST command. (Example: You have found a new account and guessed its password. The first thing you do is issue a LIST command. The system shows you a list of filenames for all files in that account.)

HELP: "HELP" is a feature that is available *almost* everywhere within the 'face, including the crystaljock's deck. HELP is designed to show you how to use the particular system you have entered. The HELP feature on a system a crystaljock has just hacked into will enable him to learn how the system operates, and possibly allow him to find a weakness in security that will enable him to upgrade the level of his account or find a higher-level account.

Mail: Electronic mail is a way to leave messages to other users of a computer system. Most systems have some kind of mail. Bulletin boards are specifically designed for it. In order to send mail to someone, you must know their account name (but not their password). One can send mail, such as comments or complaints on how the system is working, directly to the System Operator (Sysop) without knowing his account name.

COMMANDS

There are two kinds of instructions a crystaljock can give a computer; commands and programs. A command tells the computer to perform a simple action, like "COPY," or "SAVE." The commands listed here are simple ones, designed to allow a crystaljock to do useful things from his workspace area. A more complete list of commands, used in programming, is listed in the E-BASIC section on pg.56.

SAVE: Stores the contents of the workspace in a file (Netrunner must give a filename, or the computer defaults to 1) the former name of the file [if it had one], or 2) the name of the last file that was in the workspace). This is the only way to make sure a file will not be erased off the workspace by a computer failure.

COPY FILE <account name> TO <account name>: Copies a file from one account to another, or to the same account under a different name. You might use this to copy an interesting file in one account to your own account. However, you cannot copy between systems, only accounts within a system.

BREAK : A command used to interrupt whatever the computer is doing.

DELETE <filename>: Erases specified file(s) from the account you are working within.

LIST: Lists the contents of an account or system (i.e., the names of its files).

LOAD <filename>: Moves a copy of a file from it's LC storage into your workspace. You must load a file in order to work on or look into it.

(for the Referee) RUNNING THE 'FACE

This system may be used in conjunction with or in lieu of the system outlined in "View from the Edge." (A note to "real" programmers; this system is intended to make Netrunning more like actual programming. As part of this supplement, it is necessarily general in nature. Please feel free to elaborate on your own.)

Because of its free form, this system is more demanding of both the players and the Referee. The emphasis is on problem-solving rather than on dice-rolling. This means more work for the Referee,who must design puzzles for which there may be multiple answers. The players must use their ingenuity in finding creative solutions. An example of Netrunning under this system is given in "Trojan's Run."

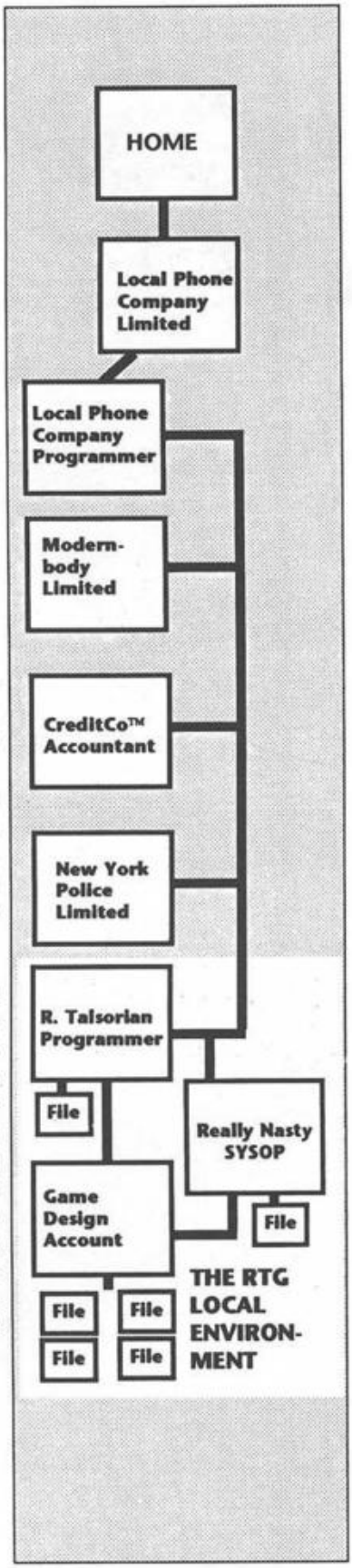
The key to a Hardwired netrunning adventure is always information. This information is hidden away in some obscure account on some obscure computer, and the crystaljock has to get to it. A time limit helps to make it more exciting and increases the risks the crystaljock must take. Some examples of goals are: steal design information from a corporate computer to sell to the corporation's competition, break into computerized security for a particular building to which the crystaljock's teammates need access, launder money by running it through a series of phony bank accounts, acquire an account on a particular system which a customer wants access to, obtain information with which to blackmail someone.

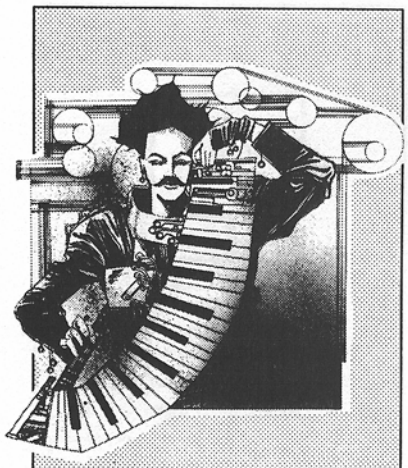
Once the goal is established, the Referee must hide plenty of clues to help the crystaljock solve the puzzle. Clues can be hidden in Bulletin Board accounts, files in a particular system, electronic mail, records of sales in accounting databases, etc.

Depending on the preferences of the Referee and players, netrunning may require some actual "programming" (i.e., the player running the crystaljock may actually have to write a program telling the computer what he wants it to do). This can be done using a combination of EBASIC and English. The Referee must decide whether the computer will understand the instructions properly. (Remember—computers do *exactly* what we tell them to do— not necessarily what we mean them to do!) See the Programming section for more details.

Of course, there is always the option of settling questions with the dice. The Referee may wish to establish percentages for success of a player's plan of action. This can be done by rolling the player's Interface skill against that of the character who designed the defense system she's attacking. The Defense Against Crystaljock Table in the next section shows levels for various types of businesses.

The Referee must be careful not to give crystaljocks too much power. Clever crystaljocks can do the most amazing things with seemingly insignificant accounts! Since crystaljocks are dependent on their accounts, that is the best way to control them. If a crystaljock is getting too far too fast, kill the account he's using to do it. If he's being cocky and running amok in a computer, not only is the account likely to die, but the Sysops may call down corporate goons, mercenaries, or (if the crystaljock's lucky) the police to deal with the intruder.





CRYSTAL JOCKS IN THE 'FACE

Running the 'face includes certain risks. Unlike the netrunner of *Cyberpunk*, the crystaljock depends on stealth, not speed. Instead of Interface, he uses a skill called **System Knowledge** to avoid being detected when moving into a new system.

Whenever a crystaljock logs onto a system, tries to hack an account, runs a program, etc., he must make a **System Knowledge** roll (see New Skills, pg. 21) against the level of Defense the target has erected. This Defense level is like the Task Difficulty of *Cyberpunk*, but relates only to computer systems. It is considered to be a web of passive and active alarm programs designed to detect illegal activity and then warn the Sysop (if his attention is elsewhere).

AUTOMATIC DEFENSE AGAINST CRYSTALJOCK

(Target rolls 1D10 + Level of Defense)

Target	Level of Defense
Average Citizen's PC	5
Average Business	7
City Government	8
Local Police	10
Large Business	11
Credit Company	12
Low-Tech Orbital*	13-16
Medium-Tech Orbital**	15-18
Bank	15-18
System Accountant	16-19
Face Bank	19
High-Tech Orbital***	17-20

*Modernbody, Pointsman Pharmeceuticals
**Tempel, Mikoyan-Gurovich, Kikuyu
***Thaler, Bank of Borneo, Korolev

These difficulties are against passive systems— alarms which have been placed within a local environment to catch intruders. The moment an alarm is tripped (the crystaljock fails a roll), the Sysop of the computer is alerted. At that point, the crystaljock will make all System Knowledge Rolls against the System Knowledge skills of the individual Sysop.

Example: Johnny Hack is entering Tempel. Tempel's autodefense difficulty is 16. Johnny blows it and misses getting past the defenses. In the next turn, the Tempel Sysop comes on line, looking for Johnny. Unlike the puny passive defenses of the system, the Sysop has an INT of 9 and a System knowledge of 8 (total of 17). He will also get to roll his own System Knowledge Roll against Johnny's. The Tempel hack has just gotten a lot harder.

Fumbles: If a crystaljock rolls a 1 while attempting to act within a system, he has a possiblity of fumbling. Roll 1D10— on a 5 or lower, you have fumbled. Move to the table below, roll D100, and apply the result.

CRYSTALJOCK FUMBLES

(For any roll resulting in a crash, roll on Down Time table—see "Crashes")

Result	Roll
Logoff (disconnect from Net)	01-10
Erase workspace (recoverable if saved)	11-15
Crash deck	16-20
Erase current file (not recoverable)	21-25
Erase all Home files	26-30
Crash system	31-40
Erase all Local files	41-45
Hit by Crasher (roll on Crasher Hit Table)	46-50
Account dies	51-70
Crash system—account dies	75-80
Erase Local files—account dies	81-85
Crash system —caught by Sysop	86-89
Erase all system files*	91-94
Crash Net	95-97
Erase system files —caught by Sysop*	98-99
Crash Net—caught by Sysop	100

CRASHES

A Crash is a catastrophic system failure caused by programming error or physical disruption of the hardware. A crash can be as simple as a total shutdown or as complex as imagination suggests. (Remember Nomad running around the Enterprise screeching "Sterilize!"?) Whatever its manifestation, a crash will take a certain amount of Down Time to fix. The Sysops need time to find out what went wrong and restore the affected account or the system to operational status. If the crash occurs on the crystaljock's deck, he will have to spend this time figuring out what happened and fixing it himself before he can do any more running.

DOWNTIME TABLE

D10 Roll	Downtime
1	10 minutes
2	30 minutes
3	1 hour
4	4 hours
5	12 hours
6	1 day
7	2 days
8	4 days
9	1 week
10	1 month

CRASHER HIT TABLE (roll D6):

Roll	Result
1	System crashes
2	Virus attacks system—all files destroyed
3	Crasherwipes crystaljock's deck and any memory (LC) attached
4	Crystaljock's favorite bulletin board crashes (down for a week)
5	All system & deck files overwritten (for example, with "CAP'N CRASH RULES" over and over)
6	System crashes—all system accounts lost

HACKING

Assuming you've gotten into the target system, your next step is to go hacking— i.e., snooping in other people's accounts for things you have no business messing with.

First the crystaljock must obtain an account name (or number) for his target. This is fairly easy, and can often be accomplished by simple snooping. Account names may be written down near workstations, included in correspondence, thrown out in the trash, or listed in databases.

Once an account is found, the next step is to guess the password. On a purely mechanistic level, the Referee can decide how hard it will be to guess and assign the password a value (from 10 to 30) the crystaljock will have to beat with a System Knowledge roll. For every three hours in the 'face, the crystaljock may make one attempt to "hack" this password.

Preferably, the Referee should have an actual password in mind. The following guidelines will help:

1) 30% of low- and mid-level users will have very commonplace passwords, like "sex," "password," or "secret."
2) 20% will use names, birthdates, etc. (their own or their families').
3) 5% of all Sysops will use guessable passwords such as "God" and "Superuser."

However, it is usually far more satisfying to have the player actually figure out the password instead of relying on the dice. The crystaljock who does his homework will find it easier to guess passwords. This is where the crystaljock's Special Ability of Intuition comes in. The Referee can ask the player to make rolls using this Ability (in conjunction with the 'jock's INT and 1D10), with a successful roll resulting in the Referee giving the player clues and hints about the nature of the password.

CRASHERS

A Crasher is a crystaljock (usually an amateur) whose sole purpose in life is to crash as many systems as possible, as destructively as possible. Crashers, like Murphy, always choose the worst possible moment. Referees should treat crashers as a "wandering monster"— hazards that may occasionally crop (a 10% chance on every run) up to bedevil a crystaljock working in the 'face.

An example: Crackerjack is trying to hack an account belonging to another crystaljock named Dryad. He does his homework and collects information about her, trying for an Intuition Roll. The roll is successful, and the Referee tacitly mentions, "Well, you have noticed that she likes mythology and has used handles like "Nymph" and "Sylph" in the past." Hmmm.

The player tells the Ref "I try all kinds of mythological names—" if he stopped here he'd still have to make a System Knowedge roll, but he goes on—"like silkie, naiad, and satyr." The Referee had decided the password would be "naiad," so the crystaljock succeeds in logging onto Dryad's account.

Of course, it is possible to set up a program to try hundreds of common words as passwords and report back when it succeeds, but most systems are on guard against this method and will take action against a crystaljock who tries to hack in this way. If guessing doesn't work, a desparate crystaljock may resort to spying, bribery, or blackmail in order to obtain a password.

PROGRAMMING

Simple instructions can be performed right away, but if the task the crystaljock wants the computer to perform is complicated, he will have to write a **program**. A program is a series of commands written and saved in a file, all of which are performed in sequence by the computer when it is told to "RUN" that file.

There are two main advantages to writing a program. The first is that computers can do things much faster than people—so if, for example, you wished to calculate projected values for 2,500 different stocks, you need only describe the calculation once and tell the computer to apply it to all the stocks. The other advantage is that the crystaljock can run his completed program as many different times as he likes—months, even years after writing it—simply by loading it and saying "RUN."

Writing a program may require anywhere from one to a thousand hours (Ref's discretion) of programming time, depending on the complexity of the task. If the Referee and players wish, they may simply establish how long it takes to write the program (game time) and not bother with the actual programming process. This time includes testing and debugging the program.

But netrunning is not just programming. It is interacting with computer systems and with the people who run and use them. Programming skill should be added to a crystaljock's roll only when the crystaljock is actually writing a program; a set of instructions which are saved in a file and which the computer will perform on command, as many times as is needed. An example of a program is the clumsy password-guessing method which submits every word in the system dictionary to a computer system in the hope of finding a password. A computer doesn't automatically know how to do this complicated and specific a task. The crystaljock must give it instructions.

And that means EBASIC.

EBASIC

EBASIC, or Evolved BASIC, is the universal programming language of the *Hardwired* world. It has replaced all other languages, and it is spoken by every computer everywhere. EBASIC is a semi-intelligent language that can interpret simple English instructions as well as its own commands. For example, a crystaljock wishing to break into a secured computer and steal a file while simultaneously providing himself an alibi could write the following program:

```
WAIT 2 HOURS
CALL 786-7787 (Korolev)
LOGON IVAN SMITIKOV
PASSWORD CHEETOFIX
ACCESS SECUREFILES DIRECTORY
LOAD FILE SECRETDATA
SAVE IN DECK DIRECTORY
LOGOFF
```

The crystaljock tells his deck to run this program, then heads out to spend a night on the town, making sure he is seen by a number of people during the next three or four hours. The deck obediently waits two hours, then logs on to the Korolev computer and downloads the desired file while the crystaljock is establishing his alibi.

How well a computer will interpret English instructions will depend on the computer's sophistication and its familiarity with the crystaljock. (Once a crystaljock explains a word or phrase to a computer, it will store his definition and refer to it in the future. So be careful what you tell the computer!) As a rule, the average computer will respond as follows to English instructions:

70% Computer correctly interprets and executes instructions

15% Computer thinks it understands instructions and acts accordingly

10% Computer doesn't understand instructions and requests clarification

5% Computer crashes trying to figure out instructions

EBASIC COMMANDS

Note—the Referee may choose to allow crystaljocks to create new commands. This requires writing a program, which will take anywhere from one to a thousand hours, depending on the complexity of the task to be performed by the command, and the Referee's discretion.

COPY FILE FROM <account name> TO <account name>
Copies a file from one account to another, or to the same account under a different name.

END: The last command in a program. This means "stop what you are doing." If no "END" command is given, the computer will spend forever looking for more commands.

BREAK: A command used to interrupt whatever the computer is doing (like spending forever looking for more commands).

DELETE FILE: Erases specified file(s) from memory, or edits specified commands or data out of the workspace.

LIST: Lists the contents of an account or system (i.e., the names of its files).

IF...THEN: A command which is executed only if the specified condition is met. (Example: IF DATE = JANUARY 1 THEN WRITE "HAPPY NEW YEAR") Another version of IF..THEN includes ELSE, allowing an either/or statement. (Example: IF DATE = JANUARY 1 THEN WRITE "HAPPY NEW YEAR" ELSE WRITE "ANOTHER BORING DAY")

INPUT: Accepts data either from a terminal or from a file. (Example: INPUT CHICAGO TELEPHONE DIRECTORY TO WORKSPACE will cause the computer to try to load the Chicago phone directory into your workspace. Of course, your deck may have a nervous breakdown trying to cope with all that data....)

LOAD: Moves a copy of a file from LC storage into your workspace. You must load a file in order to edit it.

RUN: Perform the program currently in the workspace.

RUN <Program Name>: Executes the specified program.

SAVE: Stores the contents of the workspace in a file (crystaljock must give a filename, or the computer defaults to 1) the former name of the file[if it had one], or 2) the name of the last file that was in the workspace).

SEARCH: Looks through a file or database until it locates specified data (Example: SEARCH CHICAGO PHONE DIRECTORY FOR "JOE SMITH").

PATH / / / : This instructs the computer to move a specified file along a certain path. Each Local environment the path passes through is separated by a slashmark. Example: PATH /Tokyo/New York/London/.

SORT: Used to manipulate data (example: SORT the Chicago phone directory by phone number. Let the operator try finding Joe Smith now.).

TRACE: Traces the path used by a crystaljock or program back to the directory and terminal where it originated. This command is used a lot by Sysops trying to identify crystaljocks using accounts illegally. It takes a little while to operate (1D6 turns), so there is a chance of logging off in time if you notice you're being traced.

WRITE: Writes either a message (must be in quotes following command; see example under IF...THEN) or the contents of a file to a specified destination (like another crystaljock's workspace, or a file, writing over whatever was there, of course). If no destination is specified, the data is written to the crystaljock's own workspace.

LOOP: A command causing the computer to repeat a set of commands until some condition is met (sort of a program within a program). There are three kinds of loops: "for" loops, "while" loops and "until" loops. A "for" loop executes a specified number of times; a "while" loop keeps executing until its condition is no longer true (possibly forever); an "until" loop keeps working until it's conditions have been met.

A loop could be a simple counting program, like LOOP FOR 1 TO 100, which tells the computer to do this operation one hundred times. Or it could be conditional, such as LOOP UNTIL CODE IS BROKEN, which instructs the computer to keep repeating it's task until a specific goal has been achieved.

SOME PROGRAM EXAMPLES

1) The Program:

```
LOOP FOR 1 TO 100,000
BREAK
NEXT
```

(Issues a BREAK command 100,000 times; this is the structure of the "Hammer" program from *Cyberpunk*)

Note that a NEXT command marks the end of the loop. This is the command that tells the computer to increment its counter and return to the top of the loop. If the NEXT command is left out, the commands in the broken loop will only be executed once, and the computer will either continue with the rest of the program or have a nervous breakdown because it can't find the NEXT that should go with the FOR (computers care a lot about such details).

2) The Program:

```
LOOP WHILE PASSWORD NOT "SWORDFISH"
WRITE "ENTER PASSWORD?"
INPUT PASSWORD
END
```

(Keeps a crystaljock from proceeding until s/he has entered the correct password. This is the basis of the *Cyberpunk* Code Wall.) This could also be written:

```
LOOP UNTIL PASSWORD IS "SWORDFISH"
WRITE "ENTER PASSWORD?"
INPUT PASSWORD
END
```

Note that an END command marks the end of the loop. Whatever is between the LOOP command and the END command is what gets repeated.

TROJAN'S RUN

Trojan sits on a mattress in his room, deck beside him, eyes glazed over. He is in the 'face, talking with friends of his on a crystaljocks' bulletin board called Hard Drivers.

The door opens and someone enters—Trojan recognizes the flashy jewelry on the hand waving in front of his face. It belongs to Repoman, the fixer with whom Trojan's been working and sharing a flat with for the last few weeks. He logs off.

"What?" Looking up at Repoman.
"Got a job."
"Yeah?"
"Remember Loco Louie?"
"Fixer, right? One you sold the station wagon to."
"Yeah. Well, he disappeared two days ago."
"Still owe you?"
"Me among others. Notably Thaler Corporation."
Trojan whistles. "And they called you?"

Repoman gives him a dirty look. "It's a general contract. A lot of people are looking for him. None of the regular sources know a thing, and the word is he hired a crystaljock to cover his tracks."

"Oh yeah? Wonder who he got."
"The point is, if you are as hot a crystaljock as you say you are, maybe you can find something, and we can get the jump and snag him first."
"What's in it for me?"
"Five thousand."
"Give me a few minutes to think about it."
"OK, but make it fast. I'll be in the living room."

Trojan watches him go, then logs into the net. He calls up his account on "Mercs-R-Us," a bulletin board that functions as a clearing house for all kinds of mercenary transactions, and finds a listing for Loco Louie.

"Richards, Victor T., alias Louis Southeby, alias Loco Louie. Last seen 15 July 2042 in Tampa, FL. Reward for info leading to capture: $15,000. Reward for capture: $50,000. Contact Thaler c/o Mercs#7082193."

Trojan logs off and walks out to the living room.

"I'll do it for thirty thousand."

Repoman chokes on his beer. "Are you crazy?"

"He's worth it. Unless you'd rather I just sold whatever I find out straight to Thaler."

Repoman glares. "I can't afford that much. I'll give you eight."
"No way. Twenty-five."
"I have expenses to pay! Solos to pick him up, travel costs...ten thousand."

Trojan turns to leave.

"OK, fifteen!"
"Twenty-three."
"Eighteen."

Silence.

"Twenty, dammit, and not a penny more!"
"Done. Half now."
"I don't have it! I can give you three."
"Eight."
"Shit, Trojan! You're wasting time!"

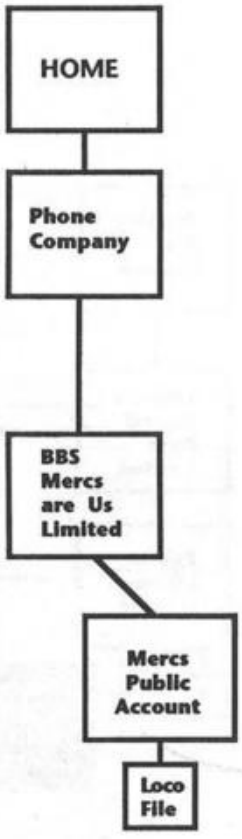
Trojan shrugs.

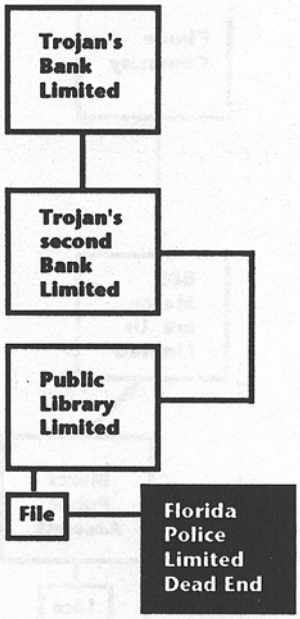
"Five! I swear, it's all I have!"

"OK Repo. Transfer it to my account. And call for a pizza, will you? Extra pepperoni."

Trojan heads back for his deck as Repoman makes the calls.

Back in the 'face, Trojan checks his bank account—Repoman's five thousand just arrived. He transfers it to another account. Then he logs onto the public library—an



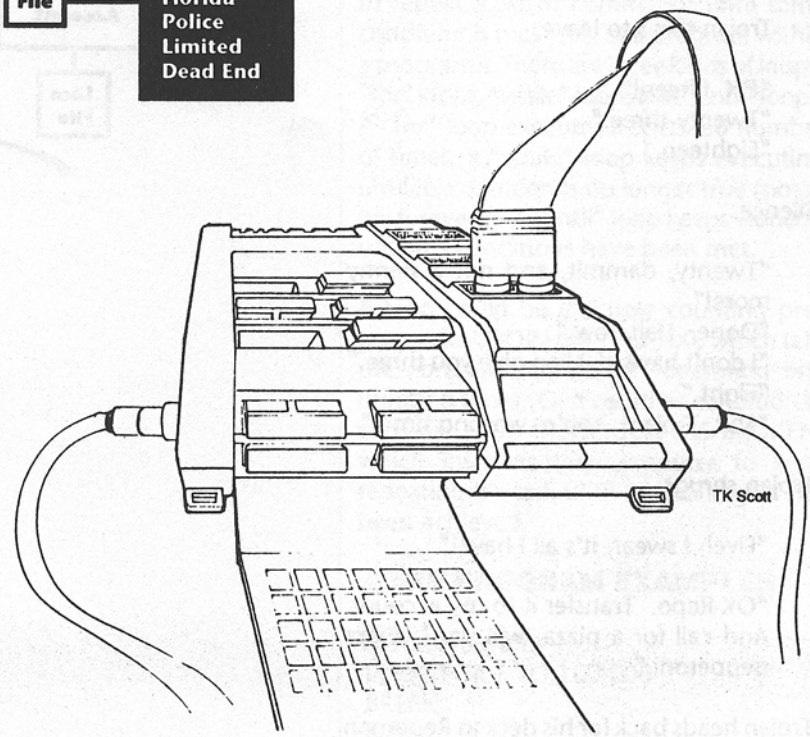


open door account that provides read-only access to various databases. Trojan uses it to look up background information on Loco Louie. He finds several old scream-sheet articles, including an interview. He copies them to his deck.

The articles don't yield much of interest, so Trojan decides to dig a little more. He punches into an account for the Florida Police Network.

"Invalid account number."

"Shit." The account's dead. Luckily, Trojan has a backup account number for the same net. He successfully logs on, and gets a listing of Loco Louie's record. This is a bit more colorful than the articles. Trojan starts to build a list of aliases Loco Louie has used in the past.



Something orange is waving around in front of Trojan's face He logs off.

"Pizza," says Repoman. "Extra pepperoni. Any luck?"

"Still doing preliminary stuff," mumbles Trojan around a mouthful. "Can you tell me any aliases Loco Louie used?"

"Well, for a while he was El Caballero. That was when he was trying to get into the Havana market. But he's been Loco Louie for years now. 'Cept when he's cruising the bars for a pickup. Then he calls himself Rico."

"Right. Thanks." Logging back into the Hard Drivers.

"Hard Drivers this is Trojan. Who's on?"

"Hey, Trojan. Savvy here. Switcher's on, Keno and Beta and Formax."

"And me, Kid Video."

"Yeah, and the Kid. Say, Trojan, you heard from Visa lately?"

"Not since last week."

"Neither has anyone else. He hasn't even read his mail in a couple of days."

"I think I'll go drop by his place and make sure he's OK. Keno logging off."

"Say, Savvy, do you still have an account for the Tampa airport's central system?"

"Sure, Trojan. Planning a vacation?"

"Maybe. Can I trade you for it? I've got a new number for the University's mainframe."

"Deal. I'll send it to your mailbox."

"Great. Well, gotta run guys. By the way—the old FPN account died. I just tried the new number and it's OK."

"Thanks. Later, Trojan."

"Later. Trojan logging off."

Trojan sends the University account number to Savvy's electronic mailbox, and then checks his own.

"Trojan: Tampa airport dial 787-4600. Password: destiny. Catch you later—Savvy."

Trojan logs into the airport computer and calls up a listing of all passengers on outbound flights starting the day Loco Louie disappeared. After fishing through a couple hundred names he finds something.

LEWIS, RICO. FLIGHT 7992A 7:50PM 15JULY42.
TAMPA, FLORIDA TO CAIRO, EGYPT. 1-WAY. ADV PD TRANSFER.
VERIFY 786-9224.

Trojan downloads the entry to his deck and logs off. He sits thinking for a minute, then goes to the living room and grabs another piece of pizza and a beer.

"Well?"

"Repo, do you have any contacts in Cairo?"

"Cairo? Uh—yeah. You mean you found something?"

"Maybe. Can you get on the phone with them?"

"OK—what do I ask?"

"Just ask if they've heard anything about a Rico Lewis. Or maybe you should hire them to look for him."

Trojan munches pizza while Repoman makes the call on his phone link. In a few minutes Repoman looks up.

"It's old news. People've been tearing Cairo apart all day. No Louie."

"Was he there at all?"

"He got off a plane, checked into a hotel, left his baggage in his room, took his briefcase out for a walk, and hasn't been seen since. His room's been broken into so many times the hotel hired some mercs to guard it."

"And the baggage?"

"Nothing but clothes, apparently."

"Hmm."

"About that five thousand, Trojan—"
"I'm not finished yet." Heading back to his room.

Trojan sits down and thinks some more. He half-expected Cairo to be a dead end, but he doesn't have any new ideas. He logs back onto the Hard Drivers.

"YOU HAVE MAIL—URGENT! URGENT!"

Trojan checks his mailbox.

"URGENT NOTICE: AS OF 21:00 TODAY THIS BOARD WILL BE DISSOLVED. REMOVE ANY FILES YOU WISH TO KEEP BEFORE THEN."

Trojan checks the forum. "Trojan here. Anybody there? What's going on???"
"Trojan! Savvy here. Clear out your files, man. Visa's dead."
"Holy shit!"

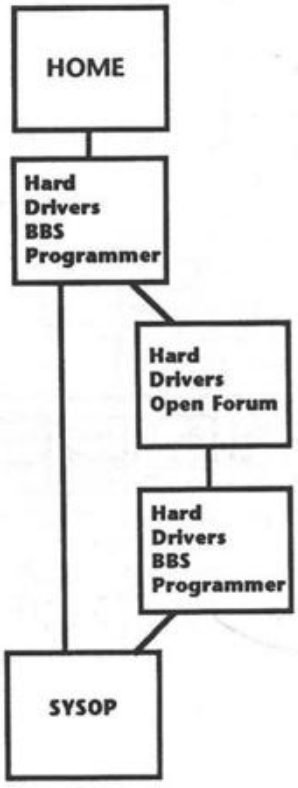
"Keno found him. Looks like it was a hit. We're gonna lay low for a while, and figure out where to set up a new board. Guess you picked the right time for a vacation!"

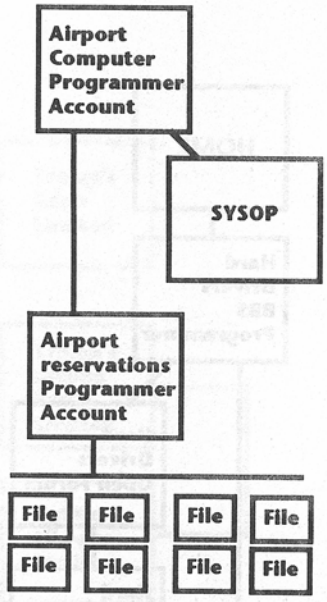
"Thanks, Savvy! Stay in touch, huh?"

"Right. Savvy logging off."

"Trojan off."

Trojan downloads his files to his deck, then logs off Hard Drivers. He brings up the HD phone list and dials Keno's number.





"Bernadette's Beauty Shop."
"Keno, it's Trojan."
"I can't talk now, I'm packing."

"Keno, I'm really sorry about Visa. I wouldn't bother you except this is important—can you give me any idea what Visa might use for a password?"

"Shit, Trojan—"

"Please. Then I'll leave you alone."

"He's been reading *Panzer Crusade*. His favorite group is Cutthroats. He likes chess and backgammon—I mean he used to! Trojan, I can't think right now—"

"That's OK, Keno. Thanks. You got a place to crash?"

"Yeah, if I can make it there in one piece!"

"You will, don't worry. I think I know why Visa got hit, and it doesn't have anything to do with us."

"I hope you're right, Trojan!"

"Take care, Keno. Bye."

Still in the 'face, Trojan downloads a copy of *Panzer Crusade* from an on-line bookstore (a fee is charged to his account). He scans it, picking out names and other key words and putting them into a file he names "WORDFILE." He adds other words to the file, including the names of Cutthroat songs, chess and backgammon terms, and anything else he can think of that might connect with Visa. He appends his file of Loco Louie's aliases, along with words from the scream sheet interview. Then he saves the file for later.

Something on the edge of his memory is bothering him. He looks through the WORDFILE again. Then he brings up Louie's plane reservation. The Verify phone number looks familiar! Trojan brings up his Hard Drivers phone list—Bingo! The Verify number on the plane reservation is Visa's number!

Trojan logs back into the airport computer and requests a list of all reservations made from Visa's number.

LEWIS, RICO. 7992A 15JULY42
TAMPA, FLORIDA TO CAIRO, EGYPT. 1-WAY

CABALLERO, VICTOR. 14236 16JULY42.
CAIRO, EGYPT TO CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. 1-WAY

MAYHAN, STEPHEN. 8116J 16JULY42
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS TO DAYTON, OHIO. 1-WAY

Trojan feels the tingle in his nerves that means he's on to something. He starts to logon to Hard Drivers, then remembers and swears. He gets onto a public forum instead, and works his way through several intervening networks to a bulletin board in Dayton.

He finds a listing of information for newcomers. The list includes phone numbers for the local chamber of commerce, police department, utility companies, etc. Trojan downloads the list, and decides to try the phone company first. He gets an operator.

"Hi, my name is Stephen Mayhan. I'd like to know when my phone service will be connected."

"One moment...Mr. Mayhan, I do not find a listing for you. When did you place your order?"

"Uh, well, my secretary was supposed to do it yesterday."

"I'm sorry, I don't have any record of it."

"All right. Thank you." Trojan hangs up. "Shit."

He brings up the Dayton phone directory from the library. Five hundred thousand listings. Too many to search—he'd connect on too many names. He needs to get a list of new accounts.

He gets back on the local bulletin board, entering the forum feature and joining a conversation of computer-crazy kids.

"Anybody know about any good games programs?"

He gets a long list in return. The best games, he's told, are on the junior college's system. He is more interested in the phone company's games—he notes the number and thanks the kids.

Trojan dials the games number and gets a menu. He issues a BREAK command which gets him what he wants—a system prompt. He issues a DIR command.

ACCOUNT: GAMES

BRIDGE MONOPOLY
CASINO ORBITAL CAKEWALK
CHECKERS PANZER
CHESS PANZER2
CHIPS P&P
CORPORATE BINGO STARTREK
COWBOYS SUPERPANZER
FARO TICTACTOE
LOTTERY TOASTER
MAILBOX WARXXVII
MEGAMONOPOLY YAHTZEE

Repoman's jewelry is in his face again.

"Go away, Repo."

He is dimly aware of Repoman's voice complaining.

"I'm working on it, Repoman. Get out of my face."

Trojan hears the door slam. He asks for a listing of MAILBOX. It contains no personal mail, but it does have about a week's worth of public announcements. He reads through it and finds what he's looking for:

"09:48 07/14/42 TO ALL ACCOUNTS:

PLEASE WELCOME NEW CUSTOMER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE ADAM DAVIS, ACCT#4776, HANDLING INSTALLATION/REPAIR QUESTIONS."

Trojan copies the account number, then checks the Dayton directory for Adam Davis' number and dials it.

"Hello, Mr. Davis? This is Clifford Fairfax, with Market Research Representatives. We're conducting a survey to evaluate the Dayton market. I just have a few questions..."

Trojan cross-examines Mr. Davis for five minutes, obtaining his middle name, the names of his wife and children and pets, the makes and models of the family cars, his favorite video stars, etc. After saying goodbye ("Thank you very much, Mr. Davis!"), Trojan calls the phone company's computer and enters Mr. Davis's account number, trying several different words acquired during the interview as passwords. He is lucky and gets in.

He downloads a list of newly opened accounts to his deck and saves it in a file called DAYTON. It contains about 1600 entries. Trojan writes the following program:

```
INPUT WORD FROM WORDFILE
LOOP WHILE WORD NOT "LASTWORD"
SEARCH DAYTON FOR WORD
IF WORD FOUND THEN OUTPUT NAME
AND PHONE# TO FOUNDFILE
INPUT NEXT WORD
END
END
```

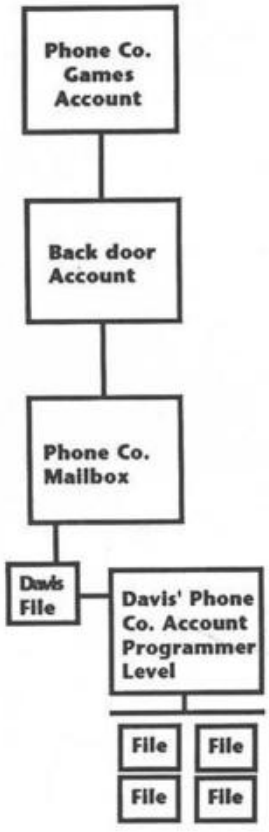
Trojan saves this file under the name "FINDLOUIE," then adds "LASTWORD" to the end of WORDFILE. Then he issues the command,

RUN FINDLOUIE

In a few minutes the deck informs him the program has finished running. He loads FOUNDFILE into his workspace and LISTs it.

Carraro, Rico 07/14/42 452-6643
Gammon, James 07/16/42 454-2144
Harrington, Louis 07/17/42 454-7056
King, Winona 07/09/42 458-8901
Knight, Peter 07/04/42 455-2762
Steel, Thomas 07/14/42 455-7989
Steele, Virginia 07/17/42 454-1131

Trojan studies the list for a few moments, then dials the number of a Dayton bank.



"Hello, my name is James Gammon. I'd like to know the balance on my account."

"Your account number?"

"Oh—I don't have it on me, I'm sorry."

"Well, what are your date of birth and home phone number?"

Trojan reads Loco Louie's birthdate from his police record and James Gammon's phone number.

"I'm sorry, sir, I find no account for you."

"Well, it's a new account—"

"All our accounts are on-line as soon as they're opened. Are you sure you have the right bank?"

"First National?"

"No, this is Dayton National Bank."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Thank you."

Trojan calls three more banks before he finds James Gammon's account. If the matching birthdate hadn't confirmed it was Loco Louie's account, the account balance would—fifteen million dollars, deposited July 16th! No wonder Thaler is after Louie's hide!

And no wonder Louie did Visa in. Trojan's eyes harden as he thinks about the slain crystaljock. He records James Gammon's home address, then calls the bank again.

"This is James Gammon. I'd like to send a wire transfer to my nephew's bank in San Francisco."

"Your account number and date of birth?"

Trojan supplies the numbers.

"The bank and account number to which you're sending the transfer?"

Trojan gives the number of one of his accounts.

"Amount of transfer?"

Trojan hesitates—he could make himself incredibly rich, here—but then Thaler would be after *him*, too. Best to be moderate.

"Thirty thousand."

It's only fair.

"Thank you, sir."

Trojan verifies the transfer into his account, then moves the money through a series of blinds to another account, and closes the San Francisco account. Then he logs off.

Standing up, he glances at the clock. He's been in the 'face for seven hours. Repoman is probably chewing his nails down to the wrists. Trojan stretches, then heads for the living room.

Repoman looks up from the sofa. His face is one giant question mark.

"Call your solos."

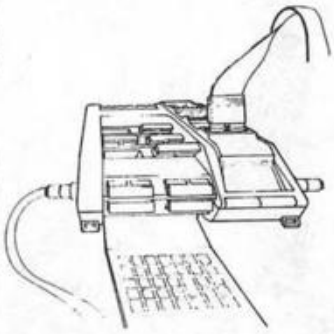
NOTES ON "TROJAN'S RUN"

"Trojan's Run" represents a complete netrunning adventure. This scenario could have been run a number of different ways, in varying amounts of detail, but the basic idea of netrunning in the 'face is always puzzle-solving.

Trojan was lucky to have completed his quest in one sitting. He especially lucked out in getting into the Dayton phone company so easily—often a crystaljock will spend days, even weeks, trying to crack an account. In Trojan's case time was extremely important, but the Referee can plan to allow players more time to solve netrunning puzzles.

Note the importance of accounts in Trojan's adventure. Here is a summary of the accounts he used:

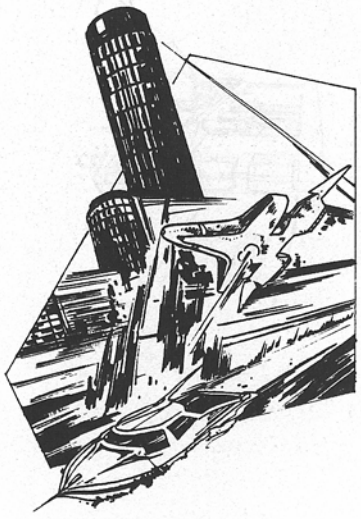
- ✔ Basic Service—his phone company account, which allows him access to public files and his other accounts
- ✔ Hard Drivers—a bulletin board account, most likely set up on some account one of the crystaljocks hacked into; this is where Trojan does most of his account trading
- ✔ Bank accounts—his own, and in a limited way, Louie's
- ✔ Mercs-R-Us—another bulletin board, obtained either through hacking or by subscription
- ✔ Public accounts—Libraries, phone directory, bulletin boards, etc.—open to anyone; these are often a good source of information
- ✔ Florida Police Network—an account the crystaljocks hacked into; they had taken the precaution of acquiring a backup account number, which was a good thing, as the old account died before Trojan could use it
- ✔ Tampa airport account—Trojan trades another account number (one he'd recently hacked) for this account
- ✔ Dayton Phone Company—Trojan worms his way into this system by using the games account— an open door—to acquire a regular account number, then pumps the owner of that account for information which enables him to guess the password.



"Trojan's Run" represents fairly detailed Netrunning. Obviously, writing and running an actual program, as Trojan did to search the new phone accounts for key words, is optional. The same thing could have been accomplished by the player's declaring his intention to search the data and the referee's asking him to roll his System Knowledge and Programming skills.

Likewise, things such as finding Loco Louie's flight reservation and James Gammon's bank account could be rolled rather than role-played. The more dice-rolling, however, the less interesting the game will be. Players should get brownie points for using their brains instead of their dice, even if they're way off the mark. If a player rolls and fails, he should not be allowed another attempt for at *least* three game hours—and he should not be allowed to do much else during that time! He is sitting in front of his deck, trying dead end after dead end for hours.

Players and/or refs who have some computer background are most likely to enjoy role-playing the programming. It is important for the Ref to have some knowledge, or an advisor, in order to run Netrunning this way. When a player submits a program, the ref should check it for errors. Loops that never end, bad syntax, and bad punctuation are just a few of the things that will cause errors. Remember that the computer faithfully executes the commands it is given, errors and all, regardless of the crystaljock's actual intent.



FROM THE REFEREE'S POINT OF VIEW

To illustrate how netrunning puzzles can be constructed, here is a step-by-step breakdown of the structure of "Trojan's Run." Note—like most mysteries, these puzzles are easiest to build working backward. The desired outcome (in this case, locating the missing Loco Louie) is decided on first, and this will determine a lot of the path.

Set-up: Information is given to a fixer player, or to the players through a non-player fixer or other character, which leads them to pursue the problem. For example, a contact tells Repoman about the $50,000 contract on Loco Louie, and Repoman hires Trojan to run Louie down. Note that this information was also available to Trojan on the Net—he found an ad about it on the Mercs-R-Us bulletin board.

Clues: There should be invalid clues as well as valid ones. Include dead ends, or, as in "Trojan's Run," a true path masquerading as a dead end (at one point, the trail to Cairo seems to end, but actually picks up again). The clues should be embedded among random information. In "Trojan's Run," the following clues were used (in order of appearance):

CLUE	SOURCE	LED TO
Louie hired runner	Repoman	Connection with Visa
News articles Library	Nowhere	
Police Record	FPN	Provided Birthday
El Caballero	Repoman	Name on plane res to Cairo &"Rico Carraro" (decoy)
Rico	Repoman	Name on plane res to Chicago
Rico Lewis' flight	Tampa airport	Trail to Cairo
Cairo searched	Repoman	(dead end)
Visa's death	Hard Drivers	(see next clue)
Visa's likes:	Keno	Nothing
	Panzer Crusade	Nothing
Cutthroat	Name"Steel/Steele"	(decoys)
Chess	Name"Knight/King	"(decoys)
Backgammon	Name "Gammon"	
Visa's phone #	Plane res & and HD phone list	Connects Visa with Louie links to other flights
Stephen Mayhan	Plane res	Dead end
Louie's phone #	Phone Co comp	Louie's current alias and address

This puzzle, although not complex, was fairly tough simply because there were not a lot of clues. THERE SHOULD ALWAYS BE MORE THAN ONE WAY TO FIND THE SOLUTION! Players will need multiple clues—what seems obvious to someone who knows the answer to the puzzle may not even be noticed by the unenlightened. If the players get completely stuck, give them a nudge ("roll your Intituition, bozo!").

BE FLEXIBLE. You may find your players going off on a tangent you never even thought of. Try to improvise with them—work your clues in where you can and see what happens. This is where the Crystaljock's special ability of Intuition comes into play—it can provide clues and hints to straying players.

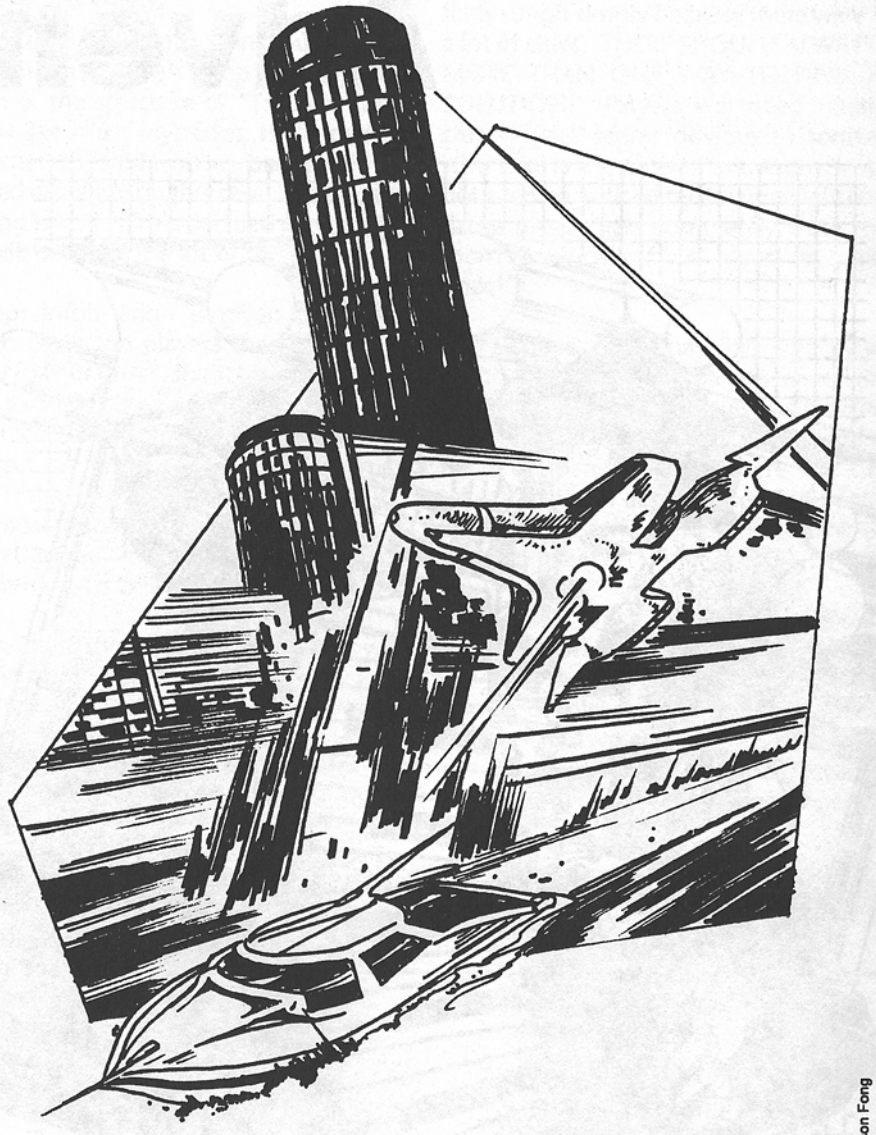
HAVE FUN! If your puzzle bogs down or doesn't seem to be working, try blowing it up. Give the players one of the final clues from a completely bizarre and unexpected source. Then watch them scramble around in confusion as they stumble across the earlier clues and try to fit them together.

Adventures

Harrison Fong

These scenarios should get you playing Hardwired in an eyeflash. Players should either roll up new characters or take one of those listed below. Characters should include at least a couple solos, a netrunner, a pirate, and maybe a private cop. Employed police and corporates should probably be avoided (though police and corporates who have recently lost their jobs, perhaps due to Orbital intrigue, should certainly be considered). Other characters can be added to the mix as the players and ref desire.

SCENARIO ONE: 92 IN THE SHADE



Harrison Fong

It's early summer and already the hottest on record. The players are all in Key West, in the Florida Free Zone, looking for work. A certain amount of quiet desperation may be assumed.

Much of 20th Century Key West is underwater, and its value as a resort community has consequently declined. A big hurricane swell could put the entire island under water, although that hasn't happened yet. Key West is useful mainly as a holding tank for people who have no place else to go. It's the end of the line, the last solid piece of America before the big blue water.

A lot of the dwellings are on stilts, built on platforms atop big pieces of Orbital alloy jammed into the shallow water. Old ships have been scuttled to form artificial lagoons in which self-governing houseboat and pirate communities have formed. Key West isn't worth anything to anybody, and the Orbitals consequently leave it alone. Some people prefer to fly the flag of the Conch Republic as a gesture of independence.

The causeway from the mainland has been cut in several places. The only access to the Keys is via boat.

Your character—Heywood Rainer, if you're using the prepared characters— receives a call from someone he knows, a local technomaniac named Otto. Otto's voice is deep and emotionless (humanity isn't precisely Otto's thing) and your character knows Otto as crazed, but harmless.

Otto's place resembles a huge quonset hut built atop an alloy jetty sticking into the Caribbean. It's covered with guy wires, girders, cameras, and receiver dishes. Old neon signs and holograms light the place up and turn it into a navigation hazard.

The ramp leading from land has a ten-foot high razorwire fence and an automatic gate controlled from the inside. There's another entrance from a floating dock to seaward, likewise with a fence and automatic gate. You'll converse with Otto via a communication system set into the gate, and then will be allowed to enter.

Once inside Otto's place, you see that it's easy to get lost. The hut is full of kibble, immense amounts of junk that Otto has collected over the years. You notice old refrigerators, shrimping nets, sound system components, nautical signal flags, parachutes strung open from the ceiling, electronic gear of all kinds, and a huge amount of tacky religious art, including a giant neon Jesus moving through the Stations of the Cross and a life-size 3-D Bob Marley healing a blind woman in Cuernavaca.

(Note: none of this crap is worth *anything*.)

You won't get lost, because Otto will send his cyberhound, Felon, to escort you. The augmented dog has stainless-steel teeth and is controlled remotely by Otto when it isn't being vicious all on its own.

Otto is on a balcony overlooking the ocean, strapped into a war-surplus cutter pilot's couch. He's six-feet-four, weighs maybe 130 pounds, and gazes at the world through coke-bottle lenses. He has wires jacked into all 5 head sockets and is working three cyberdecks simultaneously. (What he's doing with the other sockets isn't precisely clear.) On a rack next to him is an intravenous drip, currently unused. There is a half-eaten pizza, several days old, sitting on a table nearby. A huge rack of 24 TV sets are flashing whatever channels Otto's dishes are tuned to.

With Otto is a local thirdman named Mohammed the Nail. Mohammed is an emigré from the island of Antigua and owns a nightclub called the Casablanca. He's about as big as thirdmen get in Key West. He's the kind of man who never ceases to remind you that he's connected, because otherwise you might forget.
Otto cheerfully informs you about his new piece of implant hardware, a gadget installed at the base of his skull that allows him to cut off all sensation below the neck. It's just the thing, he says, for those times when you've got to go into the interface for a few days and don't want your complaining body to break your concentration.

The purpose of the intravenous drip now becomes clear.

Otto informs you that about an hour ago, an unmanned Korolev supply rocket was fired from the Orbital spaceport at Orlando. Something went wrong and the rocket splashed somewhere south of Key West. Its telemetry signals were very weak, and Otto suspects that Orlando never received them.

What Otto wants is to hire you and a few others, to head out to the splashdown coordinates and pick up some salvage. The rocket had a large amount of cargo space and there should be some nice pickings. He'll collect 50% as his own fee, or his pick of the salvage if it's interesting. Mohammad will get a further 25% to sell the stuff, and you and your team will split the rest.

Naturally you agree. You know a pirate who has a cigarette boat that will be just perfect for this excursion.

Mohammed points out that he would like some soldiers on the trip to make sure nobody steals anything. He'll arrange for a solo or two to go along.

✂✂✂

Note to the ref: The precise mechanics of assembling the team (Mohammed contacts the solos and offers them $100 apiece over-and-above to look after his interests) can be roleplayed as necessary.

✂✂✂

A few hours later, you find yourself and your team bobbing in a swell due west of Key West. Anyone failing a BOD roll of 10 will get seasick.

Dusk is coming on as you approach an area littered with debris. You begin to fling stuff aboard. Within the next half-hour you acquire the following:

2 vacuum suits, packed in crates, value $450 each.

15 ingots petroleum plastic, worth $40 each. (Petroleum is rare.)

1 small vial spermaceti oil, for use in airless places, worth $1200.

1 box filled with packing peanuts and a pressurized container of some sort, about the size of a large fire extinguisher, value unknown.

2 freezer-crates aged beef, somewhat shark-bitten, worth $320. 12 crates rare, antique Chinese porcelain, now smashed to bits and worthless. (Ain't life a bitch.)

Night falls. A strong westerly wind is scattering the wreckage. About this point you hear a couple loud sonic booms right overhead. Shortly thereafter you hear the sound of aircraft to the westward. You notice that helicopters or VTOLs are moving your way from the west, with searchlights playing on the water.

You decide to leave.

✂✂✂

Note to the ref: You should make this scene as suspenseful as possible. Lots of atmosphere: dark night, high wind blowing, wreckage on the sea, Orbital cutters booming overhead, the sound of choppers, the eerie play of searchlights, lot of die rolls for Navigation and Boat Handling and Evade. What the players shouldn't know is that none of this matters—the plot requires that the players get their salvage back to Otto's sometime before dawn. If they get there with frazzled nerves, so much the better. (Even if the characters start fumbling their rolls, the ref should make sure the Orbitals fumble worse.)

✂✂✂

You unload your salvage at Otto's floating dock and haul it all up to his hut. Otto is more or less as you last saw him. Mohammad the Nail is wearing a 3-piece white suit over a tropical shirt and sandals—he's been at his club all evening and has just returned. The 12 crates of porcelain are opened amid great suspense and ultimate disappointment. Mohammed begins to kick kilos of shattered chinaware into the ocean. When you open the box with the pressurized container, you notice that it's covered with biohazard seals. Mohammad the Nail begins to look nervous. Otto actually gets up from his couch (a first) and examines the container. He announces that it was securely packed and very likely isn't leaking. Mohammed expresses doubt as to the truth of this statement. He doesn't want the thing near him. Otto volunteers to hang onto it and to acquire the appropriate equipment to safely discover what's in the container. That's fine with Mohammed.

You load the rest of the stuff onto Mohammed's truck and go your separate ways. Mohammed gives you a cellular phone so that you can keep in touch (assuming you don't already possess a phone, or have an implant). You've arranged to meet at eight o'clock the next evening and split up the proceeds.

Next night, you all assemble at Otto's and discover that his gate is open. Naturally you investigate, presumably with whatever caution is inherent to your various natures. If you try to call Mohammed, all you get is a recording to the effect that the Club Casablanca has been closed for the evening due to illness.

✂✂✂

Note to the ref: if the players don't want to go into Otto's place, don't worry. We'll get there eventually, assuming of course the players survive this next bit.

✂✂✂

Bad News at Otto's

Otto's place is eerily empty of life. All the neon lights and weird religious art start getting on your nerves. So does the utter silence of the place. At some point you begin to notice bloody footprints. Otto is strapped into his couch, dead. He's been tortured and his liver and lights have been dumped on the deck near his body.

✂✂✂

Note to the ref: this shocking sight calls for what we tactfully refer to as a "blow oats" roll. A BOD roll of 15 will be required not to lose your dinner.

✂✂✂

If you lose it, you won't have been the first. There is already a pool of vomit near the TV sets, all of which are still going. (The smell of this place can only be imagined.) So are Otto's cyberdecks, though the studs have been ripped out of his head.

There's no sign of the biohazard container.

At some point Felon, Otto's cyberhound, will appear from amid the piles of junk. His skull has been grazed by a bullet. You may want to put him out of his misery. If you don't he will dazedly follow you home, and after his recovery (about a week) will join your team.

You Hear from Mohammed

Whether you go into Otto's or not, the pirate member of the team (Pirate Jenny, if you're using the pregenerated characters) will soon get a call, either on an implant phone or the cellular phone Mohammed gave you. The call will be from Simon, the manager of the marina where the cigarette boat is kept. He says there were a couple of guys there just now asking about the pirate and her friends. Syndicate muscle, he suspects, though they had Florida State Police ID (not necessarily mutually exclusive). He's not sure whether they're still lurking around somewhere. He advises caution. (Gee. Looks like retreat's cut off, huh?)

This call is followed by a call from Mohammed the Nail. He says he arrived at Otto's a little earlier and found Otto tortured to death. If asked, he'll admit to being the one who tossed his cookies. He ran and is now at his club. He advises you all to come there at once—he thinks it's safe—or if not to advise of a place where he can meet you. He's connected on the mainland, he reminds you, and if he can get everyone off the island he can find a safe place. Plus, he's sold the junk and he's got your money.

By the way, he wonders, do any of you guys know what happened to the biohazard container?

✂✂✂

Note to the Ref: You should attempt to make this conversation sound somewhat unnatural, since Mohammed has been captured by the bad guys and is trying to lure our heroes into a trap. My suggestion is to make Mohammad a fast-talking, hustling, cheerful guy in the first encounters, with a broad Caribbean accent if you can manage it. On the phone call he should be tense and strained, with his accent largely gone and a decided nervous undertone. If asked if you're being held prisoner, you'll deny it VERY LOUDLY. The characters, if they get suspicious at all, should make Awareness rolls, and those with Voice Stress Analyzers should get bonuses.

Here's what the players haven't figured out:

The Korolev Bureau has lost a container, and for reasons of their own they'll kill half Florida to get it back. When Mohammed offered rocket salvage for sale earlier today, they sent their goon squad to Key West to make Mohammed an offer he couldn't refuse. He led them to Otto and got them through the gate, after which they tore up Otto. Otto had previously hidden the container. During the torture he turned off the lower part of his body and felt no pain, though he eventually died of blood loss and shock. In one of his cyberdecks, buried under security, is the location of the container. (The password "Felon" will open all security. The rest of the contents of Otto's decks are telemetry data, tv listings, water salinity figures, in other words worthless— the data equivalents of kibble.)

Mohammed is being held prisoner in the Club Casablanca by one set of Korolev killers. Another two (or more, if the ref likes) are wandering around Key West looking for the other players. All are in continual radio contact.

What happens next is up to the players. What should become clear to them is that they're not getting off the island unless they somehow get rid of the goons. Each time they contact someone with a boat, that person will tell them they've just been approached by the goons and they think they're under surveillance, or are going underground themselves. Their neighbors will report that they've been queried. If our heroes go to ground, the bad guys will eventually find them and attack.

The bad guys want the container, and to that end will try to capture some of the characters and extract its location from them. (The fact they probably don't know where it is won't make any difference.) If this task seems too inconvenient or difficult, they'll just kill everyone they can find and worry about recovering the container later .

Right now the enemy forces are split, with some guarding Mohammed and the rest wandering around town looking for the players. The characters might take advantage of that to assault the Casablanca or lure the search team to someplace where they can be ambushed.

You, as referee, should point out (if the characters don't work it out themselves) that if Mohammed is liberated he might be able to contact his friends on the mainland and have them send a boat to fetch you. Plus, he's got the team's money (and Otto's, if they think of it).

The precise number of bad guys should be determined by how many player-characters there are, and how formidable they might be. Five is a good basic number, though if your players insist on rolling up invincible characters, you can always throw invincible armies of bad guys at them.

The bad guys forted up in the Club Casablanca are keeping Mohammed tied up in the beer cooler until the matter is settled. Mohammed is getting cold. Within about 36 hours, he'll be dead.

If Mohammed is liberated, he will contact his superiors on the mainland, specifically Yakov Mihailovich in Palm Beach, and a boat will arrive to take off any survivors. Yakov will insist on having the container as payment for this venture (which should bring the characters back to Otto's, if they haven't been there already).

If the characters kill Mohammed or wait till he's frozen stiff before doing anything— well, gee, that's too bad, isn't it?

If the characters, through extreme cleverness, manage to get off the island despite the best efforts of the referee, they should be steered in the direction of Yakov by whoever they encounter. Yakov will really want that container, and will if necessary offer to pay for its retrieval.
The container, by the way, is strapped to one of the stanchions holding up Otto's house, under the waterline.

CHARACTERS

HEYWOOD RANIER

ROLE: PRIVATE COP
INT 9, REF 6, COOL 7, TECH 3, LUCK 5, ATTR 9, MA 10, BOD 6, EMP 5.

CYBERNETICS: +1 hardwiring (Owari); 1 cyberoptic w/IR, lowlight; cyberaudio w/stress analyzer.

SKILLS: Research +2, Pistol +2, Martial Arts +1, Awareness +3, General Knowledge +1, Simple Language +1 (Spanish), Simple Language +1 (Russian), Stealth +2, Drive +1, Fast Draw +1 (shoulder rig); Shadowing/Ditch +2, Interview +1, Interrogation +1, Streetwise +2.

OUTFIT: Large-caliber pistol, small caliber concealable pistol, pump 12-gauge shotgun, 2 pairs handcuffs.

Fed up with officially-sanctioned corruption, Heywood recently retired from the State Police and taken out a PI's license. He works out of the second floor of a former beachfront motel (the first floor is flooded.)

PIRATE JENNY

ROLE: PIRATE (NAUTICAL NOMAD)
INT 6, REF 8, TECH 8, COOL 5, ATT 6, LUCK 3, MA 4, BODY 8, EMP 5.

CYBERNETICS: Cyberaudio w/phone and recorder, 2 cyberoptics w/micro-tele; 1 socket w/2 chips (Navigate +2, Med Tech +1).

SKILLS: Family +2, Pistol +1, Rifle +1, Autoweapon +1, Basic Seamanship +3, Drive Powerboat +4, Brawling +1, Hovercraft Pilot +2, Awareness +1, Teaching +1, Drive Car +1, Powerboat Tech +2, Hovercraft Tech +1, Streetwise +1.

Possessions: medium-caliber handgun, fighting knife, 45-foot interfaceable cigarette speedboat (top speed 49 nautical MPH).

Pirate Jenny has recently split from her pirate fleet, as she tired of being compelled to live their extremist religion. (They were the Lions of Judah, a fundamentalist offshoot of the Bob Marley cult. Drug use is compulsory, as are early and frequent pregnancies for women. Jenny was running out of excuses for the latter.) The split with her family was friendly, and they will welcome her back with open arms—assuming, of course, she gets to the Grand Banks off Newfoundland, where they are currently in negotiation with the South African fishing fleet to trade cannabis for food. They will also go to extreme lengths to convert any companions she might bring back with her.

KYRIL MONTANA

ROLE: SOLO
INT 6, REF 9, TECH 4, COOL 8, ATT 6, LUCK 5, MA 6, BOD 6, EMP 7.

CYBERNETICS: 2 optics w/Targeting Eyes +2, image enhancement +2; hardwiring +2 (Santistevan); 1 socket.

SKILLS: Combat Sense +2, Pistol +3, Autoweapon +3, Awareness +3, Infiltration +2, Drive +2, Brawling +2, Knife +3, Streetwise +2, Intimidate +1, Gambler +1, Seduction +4.

OUTFIT: Medium-caliber smart pistol w/silencer, medium-caliber SMG, fighting knife, garrotte, 1 frag grenade, 1 stun grenade.

Kyril is a former mercenary, a veteran of wars in Afghanistan. (His side lost.) He is a compulsive womanizer. He is currently sharing digs with Blades, the crystaljock, but is beginning to lose interest in her and will commence another romance at the earliest opportunity.

PALADIN

ROLE: SOLO
INT 5, REF 10, TECH 2, COOL 10, ATT 5, LUCK 5, MA 5, BODY 5, EMP 4.

CYBERNETICS: Hardwiring +2 (Santistevan); cyberarm w/napalm jet, boosted strength.

SKILLS: Combat Sense +2, Pistol +5, Assault Weapon +2, Awareness +2, Interrogation +1, Streetwise +1, Intimidate +1, Gamble +1 (Paladin thinks it's +6), Athletics +1, Martial Arts +1, Ride Horse +3, Lockpick +1.

OUTFIT: V.Heavy pistol, heavy assault weapon, laminated armor jacket.

Paladin is a former New Mexican cowboy. He's been hiding out from the Tupolev Orbital ever since he got in a poker game with one of their officers and lost his cyberarm. He had to blow the guy away to get it back— hell, the guy was probably cheating anyway.

He really ought to work on that temper of his.

BLADES (SYLVIA ROMERO)

ROLE: CRYSTALJOCK (NETRUNNER)
INT 8, TECH 6, REF 9, COOL 6, LUCK 6, ATT 8, MA 7, BOD 5, EMP 6

CYBERNETICS: Cyberaudio w/radio splice, phone link, scrambler, micro-recorder; 1 interface plug.

SKILLS: Intuition +3, Knife +2, Athletics +1, Teach +3, Martial Arts +4, Software Design +2, Computer tech +2, Computer language (simple) +2, Computer language (complex) +2, Basic tech +2, Stealth +2, Play guitar +2, Spanish +6, Lockpick +3, Stealth +2.

OUTFIT: 2 switchblades (small knife); guitar; mo-ped; computer deck w/interface, cables. Programs: code wall 3, code cracker 1, invisibility.

Blades was born in Cuba. She has been hiding out ever since her sophomore year in college, when she used a borrowed program to break into the Havana branch of Pointsman Pharmaceuticals A.G.. She intended to enroll herself in their scholarship program, but the Succubus turned out to have been inserted in the market by one of the Orbitals, and unknown to her it alerted the Free Zone cops as to her identity and location. She barely made her escape.

Currently she's living in Key West with Kyril Montana. Blades is both possessive and hot-tempered, and intends to hang onto him with all her cunning.

NPCs

FELON THE CYBERHOUND

ROLE: FAITHFUL COMPANION
REF 8, COOL (UNLIMITED), MA 10, BOD 10.
CYBERWEAR: 2 cyberoptics w/low-lite; dental implants; cyberaudio w/radio; data storage crystal; 1 socket.

Felon can be controlled long-distance by anyone with a radio interface who has the proper codes. Felon is also capable of independent action, though this will be of the doglike variety. His attack is Bite +3, and will do D8+2 damage with his steel teeth.

Once he makes a successful roll he will hang onto the target as long as possible, inflicting damage each turn until the victim makes a successful Escape roll. He is also capable of storing data in (for game purposes) unlimited quantities.

OTTO

ROLE: TECH
INT 8, REF 5, COOL 4, TECH 10, LUCK 3, ATTR 3, MA 3, BOD 7, EMP 1.
Chief Motivation: Desire for tech. Competence: Very Competent. Aggression: Cautious. Glitches: Eccentric, Passionless, Solitary.

CYBERTECH: Cyberaudio w/radio link, sensory booster, nerve cutout, 5 head plugs, biomonitor.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Computer language (simple) +3, Computer language (complex) +4, Basic Tech +7, Computer Tech +8, Scrounge +6.

OUTFIT: Warehouse of junk, 3 cyberdecks, 24 television sets, dishes, aerials, 4 doses Brown Study.

MUHAMMED THE NAIL

ROLE: THIRDMAN (FIXER)
INT 5, REF 5, COOL 8, TECH 6, LUCK 8, ATTR 7, MA 7, BOD 5, EMP 4.

PERSONALITY: Motivation: desire for wealth. Competence: ordinary. Aggression: Ordinary. Glitch: jolly.

CYBERTECH: +1 hardwiring (Santistevan), cyberaudio w/ phone link, bug detector, 2 chips (Spanish +2, Autoweapon +2).

SKILLS: Streetdeal +3, Pistol +1, Rifle +1, Drive +2, Dance +3, Awareness +2, Streetwise +2, Russian +1, Gamble +1, Seduction +2, Persuasion, Lie, & Fast Talk +2, Wardrobe & Style +2.

OUTFIT: Very heavy-caliber revolver, medium-caliber SMG, sawed-off shotgun. 3 vials endorphin (12 doses/vial), 6 doses snapcoke, 2 doses speedball.

KOROLEV GOONS

Korolev did not exactly send the first team on this mission, not expecting to come up against more than beachcombers.

HEAD GOON

ROLE: SOLO
INT 7, REF 9 (11 W/HWIRE), COOL 10, TECH 7, LUCK 5, ATTR 10, MA 10, BOD 7, EMP 1
PERSONALITY: Love of Order, V. Competent, Cautious, Sadist.

CYBERTECH: +2 hardwiring (Santistevan), 2 cyberoptics w/ lowlight, dartgun (sleep dope loaded, lethal spares), antidazzle; cyberaudio w/radio, bug detector; 2 sockets; big knucks.

SKILLS: Combat cool +4, Pistol +3, Autoweapon +4, Interrogate +4, Intimidate +4, Martial Arts +3.

OUTFIT: 1 bag assorted knives, heavy caliber pistol w/ silencer, medium-caliber SMG (concealable, w/silencer), laminated armor jacket (42, reg), corporate insurance card, corporate credit card.

SUBORDINATE GOONS

ROLE: SOLO
INT 6, REF 8 (9 W/HWIRE), COOL 10, TECH 4, LUCK 2, ATTR 5, MA 7, BOD 8, EMP 2.
CYBERTECH: +1 hardwiring (Santistevan); 2 cyberoptics w/ lowlight, cyberaudio w/radio.

SKILLS: Combat cool +3, Pistol +2, Autoweapon +2, Interrogate +2, Intimidate +2, Martial Arts +2.

OUTFIT: fighting knife, heavy caliber pistol w/silencer, medium-caliber SMG (concealable, w/silencer), laminated armor jacket (42, long), corporate insurance card.

MAP ON PG. 92

SCENARIO TWO: THE SPORTING CLUB

Harrisson Fong

You have been brought off Key West and arrived in Palm Beach, where you have been taken into the palatial home ofYakov Mikhailovich, local thirdman par excellance. You have presumably surrendered possession of the container as payment for your rescue.

Yakov mentions that he knows a graduate student in the chemistry department of the University of Tampa who will be able to analyze the container's contents, and will send the container via messenger.

Yakov is a superb host, very smooth, and a master manipulator. He dresses in extravagant russified Cryo Max style: tight riding pants, boots, dyed and braided hair, ruffles, brocade jackets. Any attractive females in the party will gain his particular attention: he will offer them presents of jewelry, clothing, drugs, fancy weapons, whatever.

In the meantime Yakov has been working on an elaborate plan to financially embarass an enemy, another local thirdman named Vasily Sevchenko. Yakov explains that he and Vasily have been at war in the past, though at present their conflict is not overtly violent.

Yakov hopes to weaken Vasily and strengthen himself without actually attacking him. Vasily is principal owner of the Odessa Casino in Palm Beach, the profits of which offer Vasily a considerable advantage in any future conflict. But Yakov knows that Vasily is cash-poor at the moment, having just made large investments in a hotel in Tampa.

Yakov plans to break the Odessa's games several times over, then offer to clear Vasily's debts (paying him with his own money) in exchange for a piece of the casino.

In order to break the casino without the action being traced to him, he has to acquire a team with whom he has no past history.

You, in other words.

Note to the ref: Yakov will try to get the characters to work for free, saying that they owe him for his protection; in the end he'll settle for giving them 10% of anything they help him steal plus a $500 advance.

✂✂✂

The scam runs like this. Casino games nowadays are almost all computer-directed, as miniature cyber implants have been developed that will ruin standard games by counting cards, judging small biases in a roulette wheel and/or its operator's style, or allowing someone to throw a perfect natural 7 on every roll of the dice.

In order to play one of the casino games, a character must put a personal data cube into a table, then logon and enter a handle. This data is then loaded into the casino gambling computer, which handles all bets, rolls and antes.

Here's where it gets complex. There are two *identical* computers in the Odessa. The first operates reservations and booking, hotel security, hotel and restaurant business. The second computer, which operates the games, is in a sealed room off the main casino. This computer is impossible to hack over the phone lines because the computer is instructed to simply not answer any incoming calls. It can, however, phone *out*.

Two things have to happen for the plan to work. First , someone (or a lot of someones) will have to go to the tables, lay out a stake, and log on with certain specified handles. Meanwhile, someone else will have to gain physical access to the computer room (which will presumably include overcoming the sysop on duty), and reprogram the computer using a special intruder program.

The intruder program recognizes certain specific gambling handles and allows these to win a disproportionate amount of the time. Without the intruder program, a character will win 35% of his bets, break even 10% of the time, and lose 55% of the time. With the intruder program, the chances of winning will be 60%, breaking even 10%, losing 30%.

This particular intruder program has been developed by one of the best mercenary programmers, Ivan Chudakov. Unfortunately Ivan can't make the run himself, as someone (suspected to be a mercenary employed by the Gold Coast Maximum Law Corporation, a former employer) recently gunned him down on the flooded streets of Ft. Lauderdale. Your own crystaljock will have to do the honors.

The crystaljock in question can do this two ways. She can go in with the intruder team and load the program manually, or she can get one of the inside team members to get control of the casino computer, have that person use the computer to phone out to *her* deck, and load in the program from a distance.

✂✂✂

Note to the ref: If the party no longer has a crystaljock, then we can assume that Ivan survived and will be able to do his own running.

✂✂✂

A map of the casino is provided, along with diagrams of security. Yakov will provide you each (and Muhammed the Nail, assuming he survived the first scenario) with seed money to the amount of $10,000. This is stored in crystal data cubes to which only Yakov has the key. When this crystal is dropped into a telephone or modem, it will transmit the money to Yakov's account. He'll pay you your 10% within a few minutes after the transaction is completed. Your crystaljock will be provided with Ivan's program.

Ivan's program contains the following:
CP system: 'Tronnic Interface, Demon Series 5 containing the following: Codecracker IV, Raffles, Killer V, Replicator, Special Casino Program.

✂✂✂

Note to the referee: Exactly how the players will pull this off (or not) will be up to them and their abilities. The main casino room has three security men on duty at all times, plus the floor manager. If a disturbance or diversion occurs, security will immediately fasten their attention on nearby tables to make sure that no one is trying to move betting chips onto winning squares (a standard tactic used by con men). The computer sysop can also monitor events via concealed eye-in-the-sky cameras; or, in the event of a serious disturbance, open up with laser cannon concealed in the ceiling. These cannon fire at +4 for point-blank at anyone in the room and do 6D10(F) to anyone they hit.

The door to the computer room has an electronic lock with a fingerprint scanner that will only open to certain prints. It can be picked with a Lockpick roll of 18 or better, or a Tech roll of 15 will create a gadget that will open it automatically.

There are an additional 6 security men monitoring the hotel doors or wandering at large who can be called on at need. Also present is Vasily, who enjoys visiting his lounges and casinos. He may well be interested in any attractive women among the party.

The sysops change shifts every 4 hours. We will (happily for the players) assume that the sysop on duty will have his back to the door when the player(s) enter the computer room, and that he will furthermore be listening to loud music on his hardwired radio and not be paying attention, giving the character a free shot at him. Once in command of the computer, all a character has to do is stud into the face and

tell the computer to dial out. If it's the team's crystaljock that actually breaks into the computer room, the run can be made from right there.

A character will break the bank on any given table when his winnings reach $2 million. He can theoretically go onto another table, but the floor manager will attempt to charm him into going into the bar for celebratory drinks, etc.

When the casino's combined losses reach $8 million, the floor manager will figure out that something's up and will send a signal to the sysop to cease play. (If the sysop is unconscious and doesn't shut down the games, the manager will know for sure that something bad is going on, and will call for Vasily and reinforcements.) If the computer is shut down by whoever's running it, the manager will announce that the computer has crashed. He will round up all big winners and bring them into the private lounge, offering them drinks, drugs, etc., where he'll try to hold them until his security team can run a make on what's going on. The characters will have to avoid being too greedy, otherwise they might have to shoot their way out.

What none of the characters know is that as the run commences, Yakov's Palm Beach compound will be attacked from the sea by a platoon of 25 elite Japanese mercenaries hired by Korolev. They will wipe everyone out and attempt to find the container stolen by the characters in Scenario One, after which they will set fire to the place. This will have two repercussions:

1. The characters aren't going to be able to get their money out of Yakov's account. Not for a while, anyway.
2. The team's crystaljock, assuming she's doing her run from Yakov's compound, is going to be in deep trouble. (If she's running from the hotel or someplace else, she'll be okay.)

The mercs will hit the beach a few minutes after the crystaljock has either (a) failed completely or (b) gained access to the casino computer and loaded Ivan's software. The compound is defended by Yakov (thirdman), two lower-level thirdmen, six solo bodyguards, and nine assorted noncombatants (significant others and children of the above plus domestic servants). All but the noncombatants will be armed with a mixture of personal weapons. The police have been bought off and will not interfere.

If the crystaljock tries to fight, she'll be killed. If she tries to run for it, the ref should give her a sporting chance to get away. In any case, Yakov and his associates will be wiped out, and our heroes will be on the run.

CHARACTERS

YAKOV MIHAILOVICH KRYLENKO

ROLE: THIRDMAN (FIXER)
INT 8, REF 6, COOL 8, TECH 6, LUCK 3, ATTR 6, MA 7, BOD 5, EMP 5.

PERSONALITY: Motivation: Desire for Wealth. Competence: V. Competent. Aggressiveness: Aggressive. Glitches: seducer, vengeful.

CYBERWEAR: 2 optics w/thermographic sensor, image enhancement, micro-telescopics; cyberaudio w/phone, scrambler, bug detector; biomonitor.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Streetdeal +5, Pistol +2, Autoweapon +1, Driving +3, Brawling +1, Dance +2, Awareness +3, Russian +3, Spanish +1, Gamble +3, Sing +3, Seduction +4, Persuasion, Lie, & Fast Talk +5, Human Perception +3, Interrogation +2, Streetwise +6, Wardrobe & Style +4.

VASILY KORNILOV

ROLE: THIRDMAN (FIXER)
INT 8, REF 10, COOL 7, TECH 9, LUCK 7, ATTR 7, MA 8, BOD 4, EMP 2.

PERSONALITY: Motivation: Desire for Wealth. Competence: Competent. Aggressiveness: V. Aggressive. Glitches: ladies' man, curious.

CYBERWEAR: 2 optics w/infrared, Targeting Eyes, lowlite; audio w/phone link, bug detector, scrambler, stress analyzer; big knucks; biomonitor, 2 plugs.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Streetdeal +4, Pistol +3, Autoweapon +1, Athletics +1, Dance +3, Shadowing/Ditch +2, Russian +2, Gamble +3, Seduction +3, Human Perception +3, Streetwise +2, Intimidate +2.

OUTFIT: Large-caliber automatic, vial w/6 doses snapcoke, epoxide jacket.

GENERIC SYSOP

ROLE: TECH
INT 4, REF 6, COOL 5, TECH 8, LUCK 6, ATTR 7, MA 7, BOD 6, EMP 5.

CYBERWEAR: audio w/micro-recorder, radio receiver (no transmit); 2 plugs; skinwatch.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Brawling +1.

OUTFIT: Vial w/8 doses snapcoke; pocket knife.

CASINO FLOOR MANAGER

ROLE: SOLO
INT 6, REF 10 (12 w/hwire), COOL 8, TECH 4, LUCK 4, ATTR 8, MA 5, BOD 6, EMP 2.

CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 (Santistevan), 2 optics w/micro-tele, antidazzle, image enhancement; audio w/radio, scrambler, bug detector; cybersnake; scratchers.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Combat Sense +3, Pistol +2, Martial Arts +2, Awareness +2; Interview +3, Gamble +4, Humnan Perception +2, Interrogation +3, Streetwise +2, Intimidate +2, Wardrobe & Style +2.

OUTFIT: medium-caliber semiautomatic pistol (shoulder rig), epoxide jacket.

GENERIC CASINO SECURITY

ROLE: SOLO
INT 4, REF 8, COOL 9, TECH 2, LUCK 3, ATTR 6, MA 5, BOD 9, EMP 3.

CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 (Owari); 2 optics w/micro-tele, antidazzle, image enhancement; audio w/radio, scrambler, bug detector.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Combat Sense +3, Pistol +2, Autoweapon +2, Martial Arts +2, Awareness +2; Interview +1, Gamble +2, Human Perception +2, Interrogation +2, Streetwise +2, Intimidate +4, Wardrobe & Style +1.

OUTFIT: medium-caliber semiautomatic pistol (shoulder rig), laminate jacket. Heavy-caliber SMGs are available in manager's office off lobby, but usually not carried unless alert is in progress.

GENERIC JAPANESE MERCENARIES

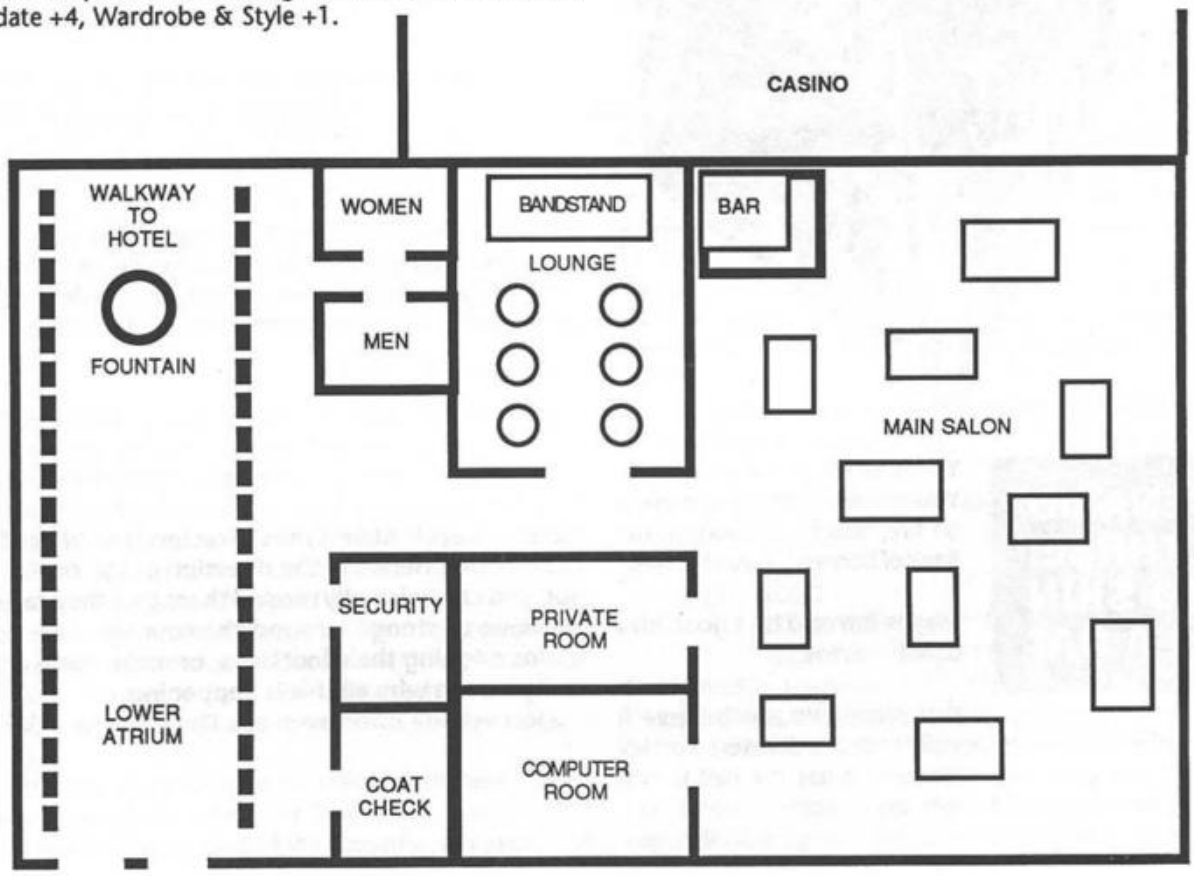
ROLE: SOLO
INT 6, REF 10, COOL 10, TECH 8, LUCK 5, ATTR 5, MA 8, BOD 6, EMP 2.

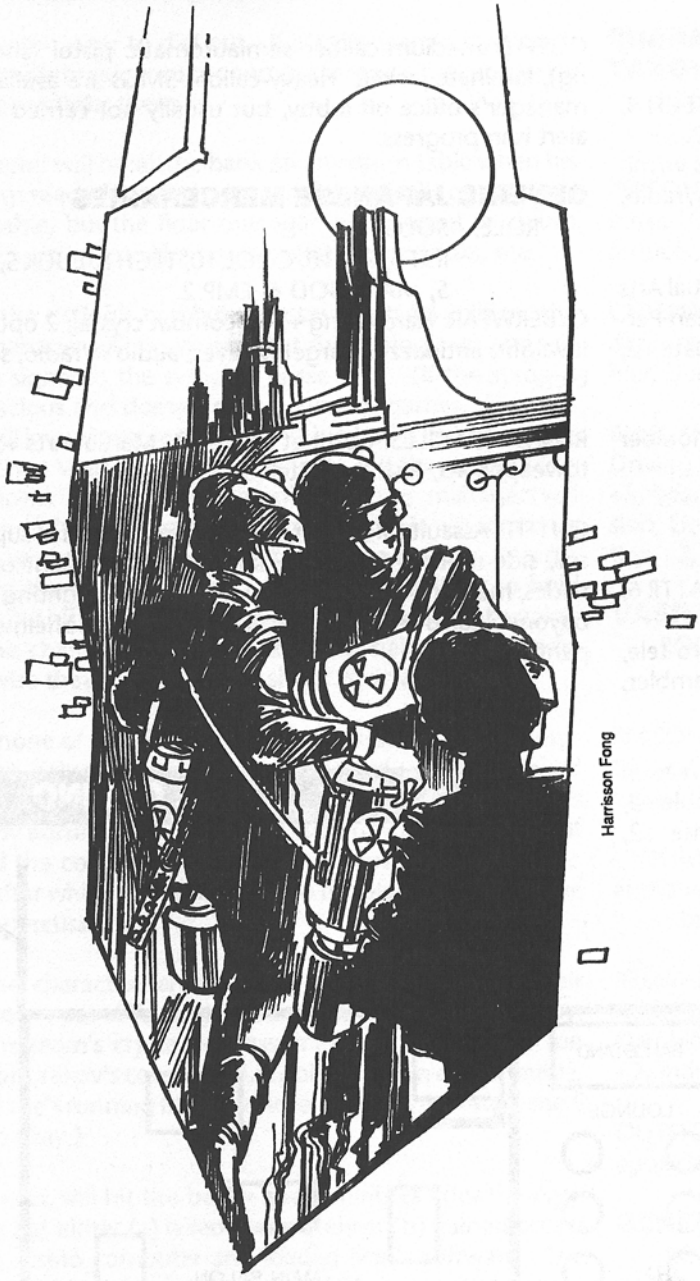
CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 w/combat crystal; 2 optics w/lowlight, antidazzle, Targeting Eyes; audio w/radio, scrambler.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Combat Sense +4, Martial Arts +5, Autoweapon +5, Pistol +4, Stealth +3.

OUTFIT: Assault rifles with caseless ammo, sound suppressor, side-mounted grenade launcher; assortment of grenades; medium-caliber semiautomatic pistol; fighting knife/bayonet; garrotte; laminated flack vest; epoxide helmet and pants.

THE CASINO





SCENARIO THREE: TO SKIN A CAT

You're really in the toilet now. Yakov is dead, his compound is on fire, and his account in the Bank of Borneo has your money.

Maybe it would be a good idea to leave town.

You can pretty much figure it wasn't Vasily who was responsible for this disaster. Korolev still wants the goddam container! What the hell is in it anyway? And where did Yakov say it was?

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Note to the ref: At best the characters should be allowed to steer themselves in the direction of the container. If not, you can pointedly remind them that they can either continue to stooge around the country, with Korolev goons dogging their footsteps, or make some attempt to figure out why all this is happening.

Players will remember that Yakov mentioned he'd sent it to a chemistry grad student at the University of Tampa. With a Research roll of 15 or better (or better yet, some acute roleplaying) the players can figure out it was most likely a woman named Lori Masterson.

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When you approach Lori, either in her dorm room or office, she'll tell you of the tests she ran on the container. The contents appear to resemble a virus of poliomyelitis, otherwise known as polio, a disease that has been eliminated from the human population. There used to be wide-scale vaccination for this disease, but most of the population is now vulnerable. Lori guesses that this is a biological warfare virus, probably much faster-acting than polio, to which most if not all people lack an immunity.

But as you have this conversation, you hear footsteps out in the corridor. There is a polite knock on the door, and someone who is obviously a very dangerous man enters. He is tall, exudes authority and menace, though if you check you'll see that he's unarmed.

For som reason he seems to know you. He introduces himself as Capra, in the employ of someone who hates Korolev as much as you do. He would like to hire you, Lori, and the container.

What he says is, "I'd like you to give the virus back to Korolev. In a way they won't forget."

✂✂✂

Note to the ref: Capra is from the novel *Hardwired*, where he is known (mostly) as Cunningham, or (sometimes) as Calvert. Try not to have the players kill him, because he'll need to appear later in the novel, and maybe here.

What the players shouldn't find out right away is who Capra is working for, namely Tempel Pharmaceuticals I.G., an Orbital that intends to acquire Korolev by fair means or foul. If the players want to discover their employer that badly, they can follow Capra or his henchmen and see who they report to. If Capra or his boys discover they're being tailed, though, bad things can happen.The plan is to have the mutated polio virus break out in the Korolev complex in Orlando. The outbreak should be so big that it can't be concealed. The revelations won't do much for Korolev's reputation, and they will also drive down Korolev stock.

Players might be beginning to wonder how all these strangers keep finding them where'ver they're hiding out. Don't tell the players till the end of all the scenarios, of course, but here's how it came about. Korolev discovered Yakov simply by finding out who Muhammed did business with on the mainland. Satellite reconnaissance identified various members of the party in Yakov's compound, and the hit was arranged. Capra found out about all of this because he has a trapdoor into Korolev's crystal—see Chapter 2 of *Hardwired* to find out how it got there (now, don't you wish you'd read the novel— Mike).

✂✂✂

Capra's offer is very nice. He'll pay each of you $1000, plus a further grand on completion, and in addition he'll spring for $1500 worth of cyberwear or other equipment for each character. You can also each have new IDs if you want them.

What you've got to do is figure out a way to get into the Korolev complex and distribute the virus. Capra will take the container—no sense in having any accidents—but he'll return the virus to you in whatever delivery form you like. He insists, however, that the virus must be delivered in such a way that it isn't an obvious attack from outside, but can be explained as an accidental release from Korolev's labs. Capra will also arrange a safe house near the Korolev complex.

✂✂✂

Note to the ref: of course this deal is too good to be true. Capra intends to see everyone's bumped off following this caper; plus he's going to take some of the virus and release it himself outside the complex just so it's real obvious where the plague came from; plus he's going to make sure that anyone who gets implants also acquires a few hardwired imperatives as part of the deal.

Anyone who accepts hardwiring, cyberoptics, sockets, or implant weaponry will also get a hardwired imperative to attack certain high-level Korolev executives on sight.

PS: Has Kyril Montana noticed yet that Lori Masterson is a really attractive woman?

Here are Capra and his two buddies:

CAPRA

ROLE: SOLO
INT 9, REF 10 (12 w/hardwiring), COOL 10, TECH 7, LUCK 3, ATTR 7, MA 6, BOD 8, EMP 2
CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 (Santisteven); 2 optics w/ Targeting Eyes, antidazzle, lowlite; audio w/phone; 1 socket; 2 chips (weapons tech, rotorwing pilot).

PERSONALITY: Motivation, love of duty; competence, very competent; aggressiveness, cautious; glitch, loyal.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Combat Sense +4. Pistol +5, Autoweapon +6, Martial Arts +4, Awareness +6; German +3; Interview +4, Human Perception +4, Interrogation +5, Streetwise +4, Intimidate +4, Wardrobe & Style +2.

OUTFIT: ANYTHING HE WANTS. He often goes unarmed, but at need has access to anything in the Tempel arsenal. If wary, he'll be equipped with heavy-caliber semiautomatic pistol or concealable SMG, laminated jacket, epoxide pants

COMMENTS: Capra is the perfect corporate mercenary. He's generally several steps ahead of everyone else. If people are planning to doublecross him, they'd better be very careful.

LEW and WALTON

ROLE: SOLOS
INT 6, REF 9 (11 w/hwire), COOL 8, TECH 4, LUCK 4, ATTR 8, MA 5, BOD 6, EMP 2.

CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 (Santistevan), 2 optics w/ micro-tele, antidazzle, image enhancement; audio w/radio, scrambler, bug detector; plus cybersnake (Lew) or scratchers (Walton).

RELEVANT SKILLS: Combat Sense +3, Pistol +3, Autoweapon +4, Martial Arts +3, Awareness +2; German +2; Interview +3, Gamble +4, Human Perception +2, Interrogation +3, Streetwise +2, Intimidate +2, Wardrobe & Style +2.

OUTFIT: Heavy-caliber semiautomatic pistol or concealable SMG, laminated jacket, epoxide pants, insurance card. Like Capra, they have access to virtually anything else they may need.

COMMENTS: Lew and Walton are Capra's henchmen and will do his bidding. They have somewhat less scope of operation than Capra and have less ability to improvise. They speak German between each other, which may clue in the characters as to their employers' origins.

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You move into the safe house, only three blocks from the Korolev complex in Orlando, on Snow White Blvd. (The spaceport was built on the former Walt Disney World, which survives mainly in street names.) The complex occupies a city block near the spaceport and has only two entrances, both guarded. Korolev deals primarily within the old Soviet Union and its presence in Florida is fairly small. To make things worse, Korolev is very paranoid.

They're especially paranoid just at the moment because one of their execs was recently assassinated in their complex in Tampa.

Capra and his two associates, Lew and Walton, move into the safe house with you. They make sure that everyone's inoculated against polio and that nobody does anything too reckless.

It has been discovered that the polio virus will not survive for very long in chlorinated water and will not survive heat or the type of waste treatment by which Korolev recycles its waste water, so merely getting inside and flushing the stuff down a toilet won't work.

The Korolev complex contains about 60 adults and no children, and is largely self-contained. The power supply is internal, water is recycled. The company cafeteria is supplied by a number of firms on contact, and bulk shipments are made at scheduled intervals. Delivery people are required to furnish finger and retinal prints (or cyberoptic serial numbers) to the guards at the gate. People not on file don't get in. Employees don't go out very much, Orbitals not being terribly popular outside their own compounds; only fairly high-level execs are permitted to bring guests in with them, and very often when they leave they are escorted by company bodyguards. Companionship and live entertainment are provided by escort services operating under contract.

Looks like a tough nut to crack.

Note to the ref: Here's another one where you'll have to allow the players to improvise. Just don't make it easy for them. If they decide to hijack a truck of orange juice concentrate so they can stick polio in the OJ, just have Korolev discard the whole batch—they're looking for people to try stuff like that. What they'll have to do is figure out a way to get the stuff in the juice without anyone knowing.

Capra will be extremely reluctant to allow anyone to use his trapdoor into the Korolev computer for fear that it might be blown. He might be talked into it if one of his own programmers is present. On the other hand, it's very unlikely that he'll even mention the trapdoor.

The air supply to the various apartments is another possibility—the virus will survive airborne for quite a while—but the airconditioning units are on the roofs of the various buildings, and you've still got to figure out a way to get in.

Characters staking out the Korolev gates might see the following people entering and leaving during the course of a day.

Roll a D6:

1) LEO SCHERANSKY.

ROLE: CORPORATE
INT 5, REF 2, COOL 9, TECH 3, LUCK 2, ATTR 9, MA 6, BOD 6, EMP 4.

CYBERWEAR: Cyberaudio w/phone, bug detector, scrambler, micro-recorder; 2 sockets; 3 chips (English +3, Spanish +3, Accounting +3).

PERSONALITY: Motivation, love of power. Competence, ordinary. Aggressiveness, berserker. Glitch: religious.

Leo's appearance is 25, but his real age is 73. (Leo's got a new body.) Leo's the head of R&D, including the biowar division. He's not a scientist, but rather a bueaucrat. He is a devout member of the local Russian Orthodox church, and visits the church frequently. He is accompanied everywhere by two bodyguards.

2) ANATOLI KUBITSKY

ROLE: CORPORATE
INT 9, REF 2, COOL 7, TECH 4, LUCK 2, ATTR 4, MA 6, BOD 2, EMP 4.

CYBERWEAR: +2 hardwiring (Santistevan); cyberaudio w/ phone, bug detector, wearman.

PERSONALITY: Motivation, Personal Ego; Competence, Incompetent; Aggressiveness, Very Cautious; Glitch, Criminal.

Anatoli is another body-transfer case; he appears to be about 21. He's working as a courier, carrying secure messages from Korolev in orbit to its various branches on the ground. When he's working he's always accompanied by two bodyguards, but when he's not working, he's usually on a little private business. Anatoli, as it happens, is a thief.

Some months ago, Anatoli stole a whole suitcase full of gold bars from one of the other couriers, then made sure the other courier was blamed for it and suffered termination by Korolev goons before he could be properly interrogated. Since then Anatoli has been moving small amounts of the gold down the well and selling it in Tampa to a thirdman named Andrei. Anatoli makes regular trips to Tampa in his Lamborghini, and often stays overnight, partying heavily with his thirdman buddy and consuming the proceeds of his theft. He could be blackmailed to allow members of the team into the complex, but he's treacherous. He also carries a medium-caliber pistol for protection.

3) ARIEL ROSTOV

ROLE: CORPORATE
INT 7, REF 4, COOL 5, TECH 4, LUCK 10, ATTR 3, MA 2, BOD 3, EMP 6.

CYBERWEAR: 2 sockets; 3 chips (English +3, Painting Techniques +2, Ceramics +2.)

PERSONALITY: Motivation, acquisition of wealth; competence, competent; aggressiveness, very aggressive; glitches, friendly, artist.

Ariel is a frumpy 36. She's the comptroller for the R&D department, and therefore knows quite a bit about what Korolov is up to. She would bring a hefty ransom if kidnapped, and to that end is protected at all times by two bodyguards. She recently suffered a personal tragedy when 14 crates of rare Chinese porcelain that she had spent most of her life collecting went down in a rocket accident. She fancies herself an artist, and frequently travels around the Free Zone collecting art works, porcelain, jewelry, and occasionally male companionship. Occasionally she'll set up an easel at some local sight or other and do a quick watercolor. She's friendly and fairly approachable, hough the bodyguards do tend to put a damper on things.

4) CAROLE HUNTER

ROLE: CORPORATE
INT 4, REF 5, COOL 5, TECH 5, LUCK 2, ATTR 4, MA 10, BOD 2, EMP 3.

CYBERWEAR: audio w/phone, microrecorder, bug detector, scrambler; 2 cyberarms w/strength boost, natural appearance, punch daggers.

PERSONALITY: Motivation, desire for wealth; competence, inept; aggression, v. aggressive; glitch, takes chances, brave, married.

Carole is 47 and the vice president of marketing. He's awful at his job (which is why he's in Orlando, where Korolov doesn't do much marketing to speak of). He's kept on because his wife is a major figure in the weapons division.

Carole has a girlfriend, who he's supporting in an apartment some distance from the spaceport. Her name is Sharlene, and she's an exotic dancer at a place called the Blue Lagoon. Carole doesn't rank highly enough to have bodyguards, as he has no information worth trading or kidnapping him for. (Korolev might pay someone to take him away, for that matter.) Oddly enough, Carole cannot be blackmailed—if he's threatened, he'll damn the players to do their worst. He's ready to battle his way out if necessary with his punch daggers and a small-caliber sneaky pistol in an ankle holster. If the players end up killing him, Korolev will get even more paranoid about security.

5) ALICE KRUGER

ROLE: TECH
INT 5, REF 5, COOL 3, TECH 8, LUCK 6, ATTR 4, MA 2, BOD 7, EMP 5.

CYBERWEAR: audio w/phone, microrecorder, bug detector, scrambler; 3 sockets; 1 chip (martial arts +2).

PERSONALITY: Motivation, desire for social advancement; competence, ordinary; aggressiveness, ordinary; glitch, robust.

Alice is 50 and heads the division that looks after Korolev's physical plant, including waste disposal and recycling, air conditioning, etc. She doesn't leave the compound much except for her daily visit to the gym across the street. She doesn't rate a bodyguard. A tactful approach, combined with a large money offer (in excess of $50,000) might convince her to go over to the enemy. (Capra won't authorize that much expenditure unless he can be sure of somehow getting the money back afterward.)

6) MICHIKO KIRITA

ROLE: TECH
INT 9, REF 10, COOL 6, TECH 10, LUCK 10, ATTR 10, MA 5, BOD 7, EMP 4.

CYBERWEAR: audio w/phone, scrambler, bug detector; 2 sockets; 2 chips (hovercraft pilot +3, heavy weapons +3).

PERSONALITY: Motivation, desire for wealth; competence, brilliant; aggressiveness, v. aggressive; glitches, non-conformist, friendly, skeptic.

Michiko is the brilliant 26-year-old biochemist who came up with the mutated polio virus in the first place. She's worth a fortune to any corporation who can acquire her.

She's also horribly spoiled: brilliant, beautiful, and accomplished, she's determined to cut her own slightly eccentric path through the universe. She's frequently out of the labs on impulsive trips to the deli, to various nightclubs, to video game parlors, to excursion boats. Her choice of personal software (hovercraft pilot, heavy weapons) indicates a strong fantasy life.

Anyone attempting to contact her should probably try to appeal to this side of her rather than attempt mere blackmail or seduction, which won't work due to her inherently skeptical nature. She might even defect if it's presented as an exciting enough adventure. She is constantly accompanied by a pair of rather put-upon bodyguards.

PS: Has Kyril Montana noticed that she's really stunning?

KOROLEV GUARDS

(BORIS, NATASHA, OTHERS)

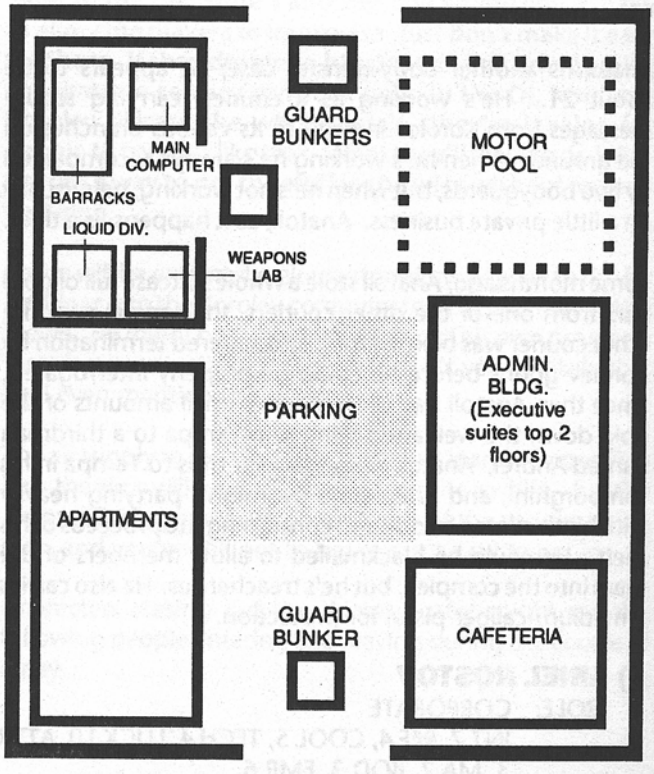
ROLE: SOLO
INT 6, REF 9 (11 w/hwire), COOL 8, TECH 4, LUCK 4, ATTR 8, MA 5, BOD 6, EMP 2.

CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 (Santistevan), 2 optics w/micro-tele, antidazzle, image enhancement; audio w/radio, scrambler, bug detector; plus (Roll D3) either cybersnake, vampires, or scratchers.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Combat Sense +3, Pistol +3, Autoweapon +4, Martial Arts +3, Awareness +2; German +2; Interview +3, Human Perception +2, Interrogation +3, Streetwise +2, Intimidate +2, Wardrobe & Style +1.

OUTFIT: medium-caliber semiautomatic pistol (shoulder rig), epoxide jacket. SMGs, shotguns, grenade launchers, and assault rifles are available in their autos and in their barracks, as are flack jackets, helmets, etc. Corporate insurance card.

Back to the ref: If the characters succeed in spreading the virus in the Korolev complex, Lew and Walton will in the meantime be out spreading polio throughout the neighborhood, making sure that the outbreak results in maximum contagion and bad publicity for Korolev. Meanwhile Capra will pay off our heroes, produce champagne and caviar, and leave. As soon as he's out of sight, he'll phone Korolev Security and let them know that the people they've been looking for are at a certain house on Snow White Boulevard and that they're armed and dangerous. The safe house will soon be surrounded by Boris, Natasha, and their various cohorts. You might make the situation a bit more sporting by having one of the characters recognize one of the early arrivals from their surveillance of the Korolev complex. Still, it would be best should the characters have their wills up-to-date.



TUPELOV COMPLEX

SCENARIO FOUR: NOBODY'S ANGEL

Within 48 hours after the conclusion of your adventures on Snow White Boulevard, the screamsheets contain the following news: a massive poliomyelitis epidemic, affecting perhaps 3000 people, has broken out in the vicinity of the Korolev compound in Orlando, Florida, and is being blamed on biowar material leaking from the R&D complex. The second piece of news is that Tempel Pharmaceuticals Interessengemeinschaft, a major Orbital entity, has launched a takeover bid on Korolev.

Now you figure you know who Capra works for. Pity the information isn't worth anything anymore.

The other thing is that you obviously didn't infect 3000 people. Looks like Capra's screwed you over. Korolev's going to blame you for this and is going to want to kill you dead, dead, dead.

Time to use some of Capra's money to find a good hideyplace.

Harrison Fong

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Note to the ref: If the characters have any personal business to transact, now would the time. You can let them hide out for some time before the new scenario requires their presence.

Exactly how the characters are going to meet Muffy St. Vincent is up to you. Maybe she's renting the next cabin; maybe she's an old friend of one of the characters. Maybe Kyril Montana just happens to notice this stunning blonde woman walking down the road one day.

MUFFY ST. VINCENT

ROLE: ROCKER

INT 7, REF 7, TECH 7, COOL 5, ATT 10, LUCK 7, MA 7, BOD 5, EMP 7.

CYBERWEAR: 2 cyberoptics w/micro-tele, image enhancement, lowlite; cyberaudio w/wearman, bug detector; 5 sockets; 3 chips (Martial Arts +2, Music Theory +3, Motorcycle +3)

PERSONALITY: Motivation, personal ego; competence, brilliant; aggressiveness, berserker; Glitches, disruptive, political, highly sexed.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Charismatic leadership +6, Cadre +3, Athletics +2, Dance +4, Play Guitar +5, Play Keyboards +6, Play Drums +4, Play Violin +4, Compose +8, Gamble +6, Basic Tech +5, Sing +5, Seduction +6, Persuasion, Lie & Fast Talk +5, Human Perception +2, Streetwise +4, Wardrobe & Style +7.

OUTFIT: Les Paul KR, 4 synthesizers, electric violin, drum set, computer deck w/composition software, 3 closetsfull of contemporary fashion, 12 bottles Sáuza Commemorativo tequila, 2 vials snapcoke @12 doses/vial, 3 doses mescaline, 4 bottles uppers, 2 doses speedball, 6 doses endorphin, fighting knife, marked cards.

COMMENTS: "Muffy St. Vincent" isn't her name; it's a holdover from her earlier band, a neo-art, high-irony group called Muffy & the Preppies. Muffy is the original crazed party girl, careening through life on tequila, drugs, and music.

Muffy has adopted a style of music known as "litejack," in which she becomes a one-girl band playing as many instruments as possible, mainly through the face. The music tends to be complex and the lyrics intricate, though you can still dance to a lot of it. She has a following, but needs greater exposure in order to hit it big.

She's also vain, egotistical, seductive, abrasive, promiscuous, and brilliant. She'll pay the characters for their work, but then try to win it all back at poker, playing with a deck of cards marked so subtly that she can see the markings only with her micro/tele optics. And the whole time she'll be talking radical politics.

If you play this character right, everyone will hate you by the end of the evening.

PS: Has Kyril Montana noticed her yet?

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What Muffy wants to do is hire you for a bit of bodyguarding. Last year she was runner-up for the grand prize at the Kikuyu Optics Ft. Lauderdale Rocks-Off festival, but her chief competition, a band from Antigua led by a man called Lord Shoe Shoe, planted a vomit gas bomb onstage, which went off just as she was beginning her first set. (The audience was greatly entertained during the ensuing few minutes, but eventually found the constant retching overly repetitive and decided to riot instead.) Lord Shoe Shoe won the festival, a $24,000 prize from the festival's corporate sponsor, and a record contract. He'll be back this year.

In order to keep Lord Shoe Shoe off her neck, Muffy is willing to pay $100 per person per /day for the three days of the festival. If something embarassing should happen to Lord Shoe Shoe, she might consider a bonus.

If everything goes well, she'll introduce you to some political connections of hers, people who hate the Orbitals and who will be happy to hide you till they forget you exist.

And of course (smiling with her Appearance of 10), she'll be terribly grateful.

An aside on the 21st century music business: wannabees can distribute their recordings sans copyright through the interface as (in essence) shareware, allowing anyone to download them from public crystal. People who do so are asked to send a small amount of electronic money to the musician's bank, but are not obliged to do so. A precarious living can be made this way, but a regular recording contract, with corporate backing and publicity, is still the way to stardom. Since Muffy's lyrics verge on the subversive if not outright revolutionary, few Orbitals would touch her—but the winner of the Rocks-Off festival automatically wins a contract, and Muffy figures Kikuyu Optics will just have to lump it. If they refused to honor their agreements, the bad publicity will be more than they'll want to deal with.

The festival works like this: the bandstand is in a laminate shell anchored just offshore. (The purpose is to keep the audience from storming the stage, something that's happened more than once.) Selected members of the audience are wired with sensors to gauge their reactions to the performances. The two bands with the highest scores will have a Rocks-Off facedown the final Sunday night of the festival, the awarding of the prize to be decided by audience reaction.

The bands themselves wait in a fenced enclosure sealed off from the fans. Guards patrol the perimeter. Each band is given one mobile home, and can watch their competition perform through the face. During the set changes, bands and their equipment are ferried to and from the stage via powerboats.

Muffy is scheduled to do her performance till 2:00 Sunday afternoon, though she wants to stay at the festival the whole weekend so that she can size up the competition. Lord Shoe Shoe is scheduled to perform right after Muffy, at 4:00.

Sounds like a piece of cake.

Note to the ref: Encourage the group to believe this will be a frivolous, fun, non-lethal outing. If they notice anything funny going on, Muffy will put it down to Lord Shoe Shoe and his cohorts.

What's actually happened is this: the private security firm guarding the festival was earlier hired by Korolev to locate our heroes. Korolev subsequently found other things to worry about, but they still have an active contract out on the team. Someone in the guard shack recognized our guys and alerted Korolev, who have sent an elite hit team to take care of them. For the moment the assassins just have our guys under surveillance from a van parked nearby, but come Muffy's performance, they're planning to take the van up to a hill overlooking the beach and take out the entire team by firing on their powerboat with a surface-to-surface shoulder-fired smart missile. They also have four other bad guys on call in case they run into trouble.

Lord Shoe Shoe, on the other hand, isn't going to be much of a problem. He's won the festival once and he's already got his contract. He's very popular and is making a lot of money and really doesn't need a win here all that badly. Mainly he's here just for the free publicity.

His trailer will be occupied by a couple of his bodyguards for the whole festival, but he and his band won't personally appear till shortly before his performance. He'll buzz the stage in his private helicopter, temporarily drowning out Muffy's performance (and perhaps giving the team alarmist thoughts about whether they're about to be attacked from the air). Lord Shoe Shoe will then land, get on the boat, and head for the platform. If all things go right for our heroes, Muffy will survive to beat Lord Shoe Shoe in the finals.

In the meantime you can harass the players with appearances by the drunken, aggressive members of rival bands (brawling +3, melee weapons +2), salacious groupies, inquisitive fan reporters, annoying fans, etc. You can also engage in terrifically annoying impersonations of Muffy reacting to other bands, cheating at poker, writing new music, drinking tequila, dragging various players into the sack, and talking politics.

LORD SHOE SHOE'S GUARDS

ROLE: SOLO
INT 6, REF 7, TECH 4, COOL 6, ATT 6, LUCK 5, MA 6, BOD 6, EMP 7.

CYBERNETICS: Hardwiring +1 (Santistevan); 1 socket; cyberaudio w/phone, bug detector, scrambler.

SKILLS: Combat Sense +2, Pistol +1, Autoweapon +1, Awareness +2, Infiltration +2, Drive +2, Brawling +3, Knife +3, Club +2, Streetwise +2, Intimidate +3, Gambler +1, Seduction +4.

OUTFIT: Medium-caliber pistol, medium-caliber SMG, fighting knife, club, leather armor.

RENTA-GOONS: FESTIVAL SECURITY

ROLE: SOLO
INT 6, REF 8 (9 W/HWIRE), COOL 10, TECH 4, LUCK 2, ATTR 5, MA 7, BOD 8, EMP 2.

CYBERTECH: +1 hardwiring (Santistevan); 2 cyberoptics w/ lowlight, cyberaudio w/radio.

SKILLS: Combat cool +3, Pistol +2, Shotgun +2, Autoweapon +2, Interrogate +2, Intimidate +2, Brawling +2, Melee Weapons +2.

OUTFIT: fighting knife, baton, heavy caliber pistol w/silencer, medium-caliber SMG OR 12-gauge pump shotgun, epoxide armor jacket, tear gas grenades, gas mask, corporate insurance card.

COMMENTS: The festival security are willing to allow Korolev to surveille and dispatch their targets, but will not permit utter chaos to break out. If firefights start occuring in the compound, they'll tell the Korolev guys to get lost till after the festival is over.

KOROLEV HIT TEAM

ROLE: SOLOS
INT 8, REF 9 (11 w/hwire), COOL 8, TECH 4, LUCK 4, ATTR 8, MA 5, BOD 6, EMP 2.

CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 (Santistevan), 2 optics w/micro-tele, antidazzle, image enhancement; audio w/radio, scrambler, bug detector; plus vampires or scratchers.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Combat Sense +3, Pistol +3, Autoweapon +4, Martial Arts +3, Awareness +2; Interview +3, Russian +1; Heavy Weapons +1; Gamble +4, Human Perception +2, Interrogation +3, Streetwise +2, Intimidate +4; Wardrobe & Style +2.

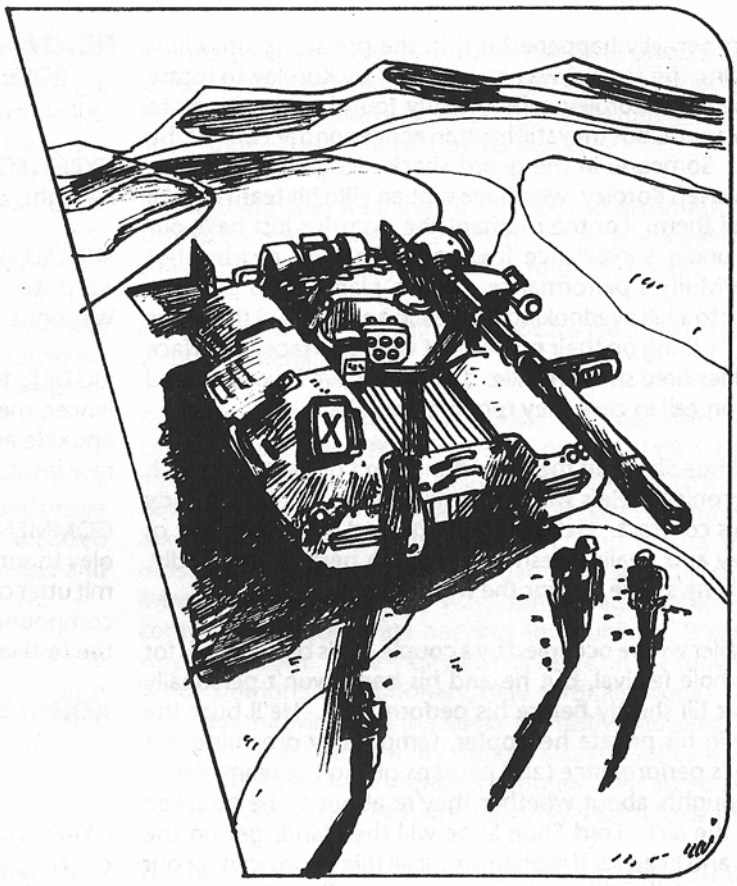
OUTFIT: Heavy-caliber semiautomatic pistol or concealable SMG, laminated jacket, epoxide pants. Insurance card. Laser listening device (aimed at window of Muffy's trailer). Recorder. Armored van (F, SP 40). 3 shoulder-fired surface-to-surface smart missiles. (Missiles are a +3 to hit, plus a further +3 if target is unaware. Damage is 8D10)

COMMENTS; Our two hit men are backed up by Boris & Natasha—or perhaps by now Boris II and Natasha II—and a couple other Boris & Natasha clones. Their stats are given above.

MAP ON PG. 93

SCENARIO FIVE: PANAMA

Harrisson Fong



It's lucky for you that Muffy wasn't blowing hot air when she said she knew some people who could hide you from the bad guys. Within a few days following the festival, you're in the Sangre de Cristo mountains above Cimmaron, New Mexico, in the compound of a major Western thirdman known as the Dodger. The Dodger and his panzerboys have been engaged in a major war with the forces of Tempel Pharmaceuticals I.G., who have tried to move in on the panzer business. (For all the ugly details, see *Hardwired*.)

The Dodger, his wife, and his friends live in a armed compound high up the side of a mountain. They are guarded by two companies of the Flash Force, a highly professional mercenary outfit for whom the Dodger is paying seemingly astronomical sums. You're considered additional bodyguard and are being paid room and board. At least you feel reasonably safe.

Note to the ref: Time passes. The characters can deal with personal business, meet some characters from the novel *Hardwired* [who really have nothing directly to do with these adventures, but who might make nice background], and if there are things you've been itching to have them do, you can have the Dodger pay to have them done.

THE DODGER

ROLE: THIRDMAN (FIXER)
INT 9, REF 4, COOL 7, TECH 9, LUCK 6, ATTR 7, MA 5, BOD 5, EMP 4.

CYBERWEAR: None.

PERSONALITY: Motivation, Acquisition of Wealth; Competence, Very Competent; Aggressiveness, Cautious; Glitches, Cunning, Married, Political.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Streetdeal +5, Pistol +2, Rifle +2 (non-autoweapon), Brawling +1, Dance +2, Awareness +8, Spanish +4, Teaching +3, Gamble +4, Persuasion, Lie, & Fast Talk +6, Human Perception +6, Interrogation +2, Streetwise +5, Intimidate +2.

OUTFIT: Cowboy hat, sheepskin jacket, boots.

Cowboy and Sarah are included for fans of the *Hardwired* novel. If the players really screw up and you're feeling benevolent, you can have Cowboy and Sarah show up and rescue them. Otherwise, they're just background.

COWBOY

ROLE: PANZERBOY, DELTAJOCK (NOMAD)
INT 8, REF 10, COOL 10, TECH 6, LUCK 5, ATTR 8, BOD 9, MA 7, EMP 6

CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 (Santistevan); 2 optics w/ lowlight, antidazzle, thermographic sensor; 5 plugs.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Family connections (panzerboys, deltajocks) +5, Drive Auto +5, Drive Hovercraft +6, Combat Pilot +6, Basic Tech +3, Cybertech +2, Awareness +4, Pistol +2, Autoweapon +5, Rifle (non-autoweapon) +3, Shadowing/Ditch +2, Seduction +1, Streetwise +3, Dance +4.

PERSONALITY: Motivation, Personal Honor; Competence, Brilliant; Aggressiveness, Aggressive; Glitches, friendly, generous.

OUTFIT: Concealable medium-caliber automatic; medium-caliber SMG w/silencer; 4 Delta aircraft w/weapons; panzer w/weapons; executive jet; 2-seater Maserati; anything else he might need.

SARAH

ROLE: SOLO
INT 7, REF 8, COOL 9, TECH 4, LUCK 6, ATTR 7, BOD 8, MA 8, EMP 7.

CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 (Owari); Cyberaudio w/radio splice (receiver only), Times Square display; cybersnake.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Combat Sense +4, Drive +1, Martial Arts +4, Awareness +4, Autoweapon +3, Athletics +2, Pistol +2, Basic Tech +1, Wardrobe & Style +4, Infiltrate +2, Seduction +4, Streetwise +5.

PERSONALITY: Motivation, Desire for Social Advancement; Competence, V. Competent; Aggressiveness, V. Aggressive; Glitches, loyal to brother, stylish, suspicious.

OUTFIT: Epoxide jacket, medium-caliber SMG w/silencer, inhaler w/12 doses hardfire, scarred face.

NOTE: If the characters manage to kill off the Dodger, Cowboy, or Sarah, they've really messed up the novel, and they've MADE ME REALLY ANGRY. My suggestion would be to have an obvious cultist (tattered robes, beard, bare feet) show up, waving his arms and declaiming, "YOU HAVE THWARTED THE CREATOR AND YOU SHALL PAY THE PENALTY!" Whereupon several hundred other cultists will swarm the player characters and carry them off to torture and death. If they escape, there will just be more cultists, forever and ever, wherever they go, till they die the death of a thousand dogs, amen.

Santa Fe Style

The Dodger, Cowboy, and their friends have put together a plan to wreck Tempel by shooting down a shuttle containing their new cure for the Huntingdon's plague. The problem is that the shuttle is going to be guarded by military escort, and it will require a small air force to shoot them down. Cowboy, fortunately, owns a small air force, namely four deltas that he acquired in his former occupation as a deltajock.

The problem is that he's only got three pilots.

Dodger therefore decides to hire you guys to find a pilot he used to work with, a man named Diego Ramirez Guzman, who used to own one of Cowboy's four deltas. Ramirez is a Panamanian national, and was a pilot-trainee who never actually got to fight in the Rock War, then afterwards a deltajock till the deltajocks went out of business. He is 35 years of age.

Ramirez, last anyone heard (maybe 5 years ago) was working as a hovercraft pilot for a company in San Francisco called the International Export Corportion of Hong Kong. His job was to move huge cargo hovercraft across the Pacific. The Dodger tried to call International Export to locate Ramirez, but the operator answering the phone sounded odd, and wanted Dodger's name and phone number before she'd give out any information.

The Dodger will pay you $250 apiece, plus expenses, to locate Ramirez. It's not a lot of money, but then it doesn't look like a difficult job.

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Note to the ref: Use the Night City map on pg. 9 of *Cyberpunk* for any adventuring in San Francisco. International Exports occupies building #47 on the map. Tupolev (this will come up later) is in building #9.

If the characters call International Export, they'll get an operator who wants the answers to a lot of questions: Who's calling? What's your relationship to Ramirez? Why do you need to get in touch with him? The operator won't give you any answers to your questions, however.

The easy way to find out about Ramirez is to have your crystaljock hack into International Export's computer. The company isn't security-crazy in any major way, as relatively little of their company data are of interest to anyone other than themselves. They move bulk goods, and who cares? Their computer is a fairly easy hack.

If your players want to make it hard on themselves, they can try infiltration, bribery, or blackmail of various Export execs. For Export execs, use any unused execs from earlier scenarios; security can be provided by any low-level security types from previous scenarios. Just remember to give a lot of them Chinese names.

What the characters will eventually find out is this: Four years ago, Ramirez disappeared along with an entire cargo hovercraft that he was piloting to San Francisco from Osaka. The hovercraft was found abandoned in a parking lot in Castroville, its contents gone.

International Export would like to find out where Ramirez disappeared to, and will offer $10,000 to anyone who can apprehend him, dead or alive. security received an unconfirmed report, two years later, that he'd joined a west coast pirate gang called Rodney's Rovers, but that report was never substantiated.

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Rodney's Rovers, eh? There are pirate gangs all over the waterfront, and plenty of nautical hangouts. It shouldn't be too hard to find them. You're well on your way to earning the Dodger's commission.

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Note to the ref: Now things should begin to get weird. Everywhere the characters inquire about Rodney's Rovers, they should start encountering unaccountable hostility. People will demand to know why they're asking about Rodney's Rovers. Do they know anybody in the gang? The players should get the definite impression that there will be violence if they answer in the affirmative. Entire barsfull of people will start growling at them at the mere mention of the Rovers' name.

Furthermore, everywhere they ask, they should encounter people with severe motor-coodination problems. People trembling with palsy. People who can barely move or talk.

You can do a lot of atmosphere here. Imagine a bar or club set on an old barge, surrounded by armed pirate vessels... Or maybe a waterfront bar—ships' bells, harpoons, nets, binnacles—all sunk in a polycarbon caisson under San Francisco Bay, with windows opening out into the water, permitting a view of fish, divers, the occasional corpse. Menacing people with tattoos and pea jackets and sockets and scarred faces. Talk of smuggling and hijacking. And, in the corner, a young man, maybe 17 years old, strapped into a wheelchair, barely able to coordinate himself enough to shout, "K-K-K-KILL THE ROVERS! KILL THE ROVERS!" With everyone in the bar ready to follow his suggestion!

Time for a fast talk roll at the very least.

Public screamsheet files will mention that Rodney's Rovers had a gang war going on a little over a year ago with, it would seem, everyone. The Rover flotilla was eventually cornered near Santa Cruz by other pirate fleets and wiped out. The screamsheets are not at all informative concerning what the war was about, however.

Eventually (particularly if they start asking te handicapped people) the characters will get the story. Two years ago, Rodney's Rovers began marketing a homebrew intelligence-enhancement drug called Einstein. It was much cheaper than the stuff available commercially, and a lot of people bought it to jack up their intelligence. Unfortunately the drug also had side effects, and one of these was Parkinsonism. Users' REF went down to 1. Users' friends and relatives commenced to get upset. Users who hadn't yet developed the side effects began to get real upset. Eventually there was a war of extermination against the Rovers. The Rovers' defense wasn't aided by the fact that they'd been taking the Einstein hormone, too, and were getting sick as fast as everyone else.

There are only a few survivors of Rodney's Rovers about, mainly those who got the Parkinsonism early and had enough money from smuggling or whatever to arrange for their own perpetual care in institutions, or those who are hiding out with their relatives.

With a donation for his welfare—$200, at least—eventually the characters will find a former Rover named Gideon living in a ward of a public hospital. He'll tell the characters that Ramirez bought his way into the Rovers with the proceeds of his hovercraft hijacking, and left for his native Panama just a few months before everything blew up in the Rovers' faces. He'd apparently got himself a job as a pilot with Tupolev of Panama. (Gideon's recollection of Ramirez is that he would have done anything for a pilot's job.)

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On to Panama. There's a suborbital shuttle from Vandenberg that leaves every day. The Tupolev complex is in Colon, on the north (Atlantic) coast of Panama. It's immediately adjacent to the Colon spaceport, and looks as if it's fairly inaccessible.

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Back to the ref: It may occur to the characters that the Dodger is getting a lot of work out of them for his lousy $250. The Dodger will pay them anything within reason, but he'll try to remind them that if it weren't for him they'd still be in Florida hiding from Tempel and/or Korolev goons.

Ramirez has taken employment as a pilot for the Water Division of Tupolev I.G. That's "water," as in "liquid," as in "liquidation." In aircraft, helicopters, or hovercraft, Ramirez drives the corporate hit squads to and from their work. The Water Division does not, officially, exist.

Tupolev is another Russian company with a century-long heritage of paranoia. Anyone calling and asking for Ramirez will be put on hold while the company's pet crystaljock tries to ferret out his location. After a while the operator will come on with a familiar-sounding series of questions: Who are you? Where are you? Why do you want Mr. Ramirez? Eventually he will deny that Ramirez even exists, let alone works for Tupolev. What did you say your name was again?

Tupolev's computer isn't nearly the pushover that the International Exports computer was. The systems operator is a Japanese who uses the handle "Bassho" (as in the poet), and is wont to project haiku to invading crystaljocks before trashing their decks and/or brains. Examples follow:

The electron mind
Is cut by the sword of law.
Ah! The joy is exquisite.

The target evades, turning
Like a trout on a line.
Soon I will enjoy dinner.

The intruder program crumples
Before my mighty onslaught.
The visit was all too brief.

He's not much of a poet, but he's terribly sincere. Anyway, you get the idea. If the characters get into the Water Division files, they can erase the hit order on Paladin that resulted from that unfortunate poker game.

It won't be hard meeting Tupolev people in Colon hangouts, though the players won't meet any Water Division people. (It's not that the Water Division people aren't allowed out; it's just that we shouldn't make it too easy for our heroes.) There's a 30% chance of meeting executives, 10% chance of meeting high level execs, 20% security, 30% technical support (including ground crews), 10% spacecrew. If they hit it off, their new friends might invite them into the complex. Once there, they can try contacting Ramirez, collecting computer passwords, or just skulking around.

However, there is a high paranoia level in Tupolev. If anyone gets the idea that these people are trying to approach someone in wet work, they'll turn them into the Water Division on a D100 roll of -70. The Water Division will be more interested in following them around for a while to see who they meet before picking them up for interrogation and disposal.

If the characters actually encounter Ramirez, they'll find him quite happy to defect to the Dodger. He left International Export out of boredom, and the Rovers because he wanted to fly. But in his time with Tupolev he really learned to hate his job, and he'll be happy to blow Orbital craft out of the sky by way of atoning for past sins. If, of course, the characters can work out a painless way for him to defect.

DIEGO RAMIREZ GUZMAN

ROLE: SOLO
INT 5, REF 9 (11 w/hwire), COOL 9, TECH 4, LUCK 4, ATTR 7, MA 6, BOD 5, EMP 3.

CYBERWEAR: hardwiring +2 (Santistevan); 2 optics w/infrared, lowlight; audio w/phone link; 4 sockets.

PERSONALITY: Motivation, desire for death; competence, competent; aggressiveness, doesn't care; glitches, burnout, frustrated idealist.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Combat Sense +4, Pistol +1, Autoweapon +1, Melee Weapons +2, Driving +3, Pilot Aircraft +5, Pilot Hovercraft +4, Pilot Helicopter +2, Martial Arts +1, Stealth +2, Aircraft Tech +4, Streetwise +2.

OUTFIT: Medium-caliber semiautomatic gyrojet pistol, hvy-cal gyrojet SMG, epoxide helmet, laminate flack vest, epoxide pants.

MR. BROTHERHOOD

ROLE: SOLO
INT 8, REF 7 (9 w/hwire), COOL 10, TECH 2, LUCK 10, ATTR 2, MA 8, BOD 3, EMP 5.

CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 (Santistevan), 2 optics w/ lowlight, antidazzle; audio w/phone, microrecorder, bug detector, scrambler; 1 socket; cyberarm w/boosted strength.

PERSONALITY: Motivation, personal ego; competence, v. competent; aggressiveness, berserker; glitches, brave, loyal.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Combat Sense +5, Cadre +4, Pistol +6,Autoweapon +8, Martial Arts +5, Melee Weapons +5, Driving +7, Athletics +3, Awareness +5, Spanish +4, Teaching +3, Stealth +5, Disguise +3, Shadow/ditch +8, Interview +4, Pick Pocket +2, Cat Burglar +3, Persuasion, Lie, & Fast Talk +6, Human Perception +4, Interrogation +5, Intimidation +6, Wardrobe & Style +3.

OUTFIT: Large-caliber gyrojet pistol, medium beam assault rifle, laminated jacket, epoxide pants, insurance card, and a grenade launcher.

COMMENTS: Mr. Brotherhood is the head of Tupolev security in Colon. He is fantically dedicated to his work and, though not a member of the Water Division himself, will happily lead them into a fight.

WATER DIVISION COMMANDOS

ROLE: SOLO
INT 6, REF 9 (11 w/hwire), COOL 8, TECH 4, LUCK 4, ATTR 8, MA 5, BOD 6, EMP 2.

CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 (Santistevan), 2 optics w/ micro-tele, antidazzle, image enhancement; audio w/radio, scrambler, bug detector.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Combat Sense +4, Pistol +3, Autoweapon +4, Martial Arts +3, Awareness +2; German +2; Interview +3, Gamble +4, Human Perception +2, Interrogation +3, Streetwise +2, Intimidate +2, Wardrobe & Style +2.

OUTFIT: Heavy-caliber semiautomatic gyrojet pistol or concealable gyrojet SMG; medium beam assault rifle; laminated jacket, epoxide pants, insurance card.

BASSHO

ROLE: CRYSTALJOCK (NETRUNNER)
INT 10, REF 7 (9 w/hwire), COOL 6, TECH 9, LUCK 7, ATTR 8, MA 6, BOD 3, EMP 5.

CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 (Santistevan); 2 eyes w/lowlight; audio w/wearman; 2 sockets.

PROGRAMS: (In the Cyberpunk system) Vampyre (STR 6) containing Liche (5), Firestarter (3), Invisibility (4), Speedtrap (3), Aardvaark, Flack. Plus Flatline (3), Pit Bull (3).

PERSONALITY: Motivation, desire for social advancement, competence, competent; aggressiveness, aggressive; glitch, playful, loyal.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Interface +4, Cyber Tech +6, Software Design +7, Awareness +3, System Knowledge +6.

COMMENTS: Bassho isn't seen out of the face.

PANAMA COP

ROLE: COP
INT 6, REF 7 (8 W/HWIRE), COOL 10, TECH 4, LUCK 2, ATTR 5, MA 7, BOD 8, EMP 2.

CYBERTECH: +1 hardwiring (Owari); 2 cyberoptics w/ lowlight, cyberaudio w/radio.

SKILLS: Authority +2, Pistol +2, Shotgun +2, Autoweapon +2, Interrogate +2, Intimidate +2, Brawling +2, Melee Weapons +2.

OUTFIT: fighting knife, baton, heavy caliber pistol, 12-gauge pump shotgun, epoxide armor jacket, tear gas grenades & launcher, gas mask, insurance card.

Concluding the Scenario

If the characters manage to extract Ramirez, then the novel's happy ending is assured. The various wars are over, and everyone's given amnesty and can go about their lives without more than the usual amount of jeopardy.

If Ramirez doesn't appear to fight in the air war, then the players have gone and screwed up my book again. What we choose to do about this is up to you.

One is to assume that another pilot is found and that everything works out somehow. This should be the reward for particularly imaginative and entertaining (if unsuccessful) play, or if not that, at least heavy bribery. (When you come to think of it, why shouldn't the players give you money and/or sex in return for letting their characters have good things? It fits very well with the *Cyberpunk* mindset, doesn't it?)

MAP ON PG. 95

Panama concludes the scenarios, except for one. This scenario should be run only if the players have earlier been stupid enough to accept Capra's offer of free hardware, in which case it's time to make them pay the penalty. Run this one *after* the players have got to Dodger's, but *before* they're assigned to find Ramirez.

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SCENARIO 5.5 : THE BUSHWACKED PIANO

The Dodger thinks he's finally got things set up. The constant attrition between Tempel, Korolev, and the panzerboys has resulted in all three parties growing too vulnerable. They've agreed to peace talks guaranteed by the Dodger.

The Dodger wants you to pull security at the peace talks. He wants you to make all the arrangements. The two Korolev execs who have agreed to shows up are known to be incredibly paranoid. One of them is Thundup Kunlegs, a Central Asian ex-Soviet Korolev VP known lovingly as "Genghiz Khan," and the other is Misha Suvorov, a high-ranking security officer. Both insist on arriving with their personal bodyguards.

The Tempel exec is Adam Weishaupt. He will be coming with guards of his own.

✂✂✂

Note to the ref: Kunlegs and Suvorov are two of the Korolev execs that the characters' hardware are programmed to kill on sight, kill without thought or hesitation.

Let the characters make all the arrangements they want. Things are going to blow up no matter what. If you want to *really* complicate the thing, have Weishaupt show up first, with Capra (or Lew or Walton) as his bodyguard(s). Then you can have the Tempel guards spend a few frantic hours trying to bump off the characters so as to prevent the peace talks from being sabotaged.

As soon as the characters meet Kunlegs or Suvorov, they'll draw whatever weapons they have and attack.

ADAM WEISHAUPT

ROLE: CORPORATE
INT 10, REF 4, COOL 9, TECH 3, LUCK 2, ATTR 9, MA 6, BOD 6, EMP 4.

CYBERWEAR: Cyberaudio w/phone, bug detector, scrambler, micro-recorder; 2 sockets; 3 chips (English +3, Spanish +3, Accounting +3).

PERSONALITY: Motivation, love of power. Competence, v. competent, Aggressiveness, aggressive. Glitch, conspiratorial.

CHINGIZ KHAN (THUNDUP KUNLEGS)

ROLE: CORPORATE
INT 9, REF 3, COOL 5, TECH 9, LUCK 3, ATTR 9, MA 4, BOD 4, EMP 3.

CYBERTECH: Audio w/phone, recorder, bug detector, scrambler; 2 cyberarms w/punch daggers.

OUTFIT: Laminated jacket, epoxide pants.

MISHA SUVOROV

ROLE: CORPORATE
INT 5, REF 5, COOL 3, TECH 8, LUCK 6, ATTR 4, MA 2, BOD 7, EMP 5.

CYBERWEAR: audio w/phone, microrecorder, bug detector, scrambler; 3 sockets; 1 chip (martial arts +2), cybersnake.

PERSONALITY: Motivation, desire for social advancement; competence, ordinary; aggressiveness, berserker; glitch, robust.

OUTFIT: Laminated jacket, epoxide pants, small-caliber concealable gun in ankle holster.

KOROLEV GUARDS (BORIS, NATASHA, OTHERS)

ROLE: SOLO
INT 6, REF 9 (11 w/hwire), COOL 8, TECH 4, LUCK 4, ATTR 8, MA 5, BOD 6, EMP 2.

CYBERWEAR: Hardwiring +2 (Santistevan), 2 optics w/ micro-tele, antidazzle, image enhancement; audio w/radio, scrambler, bug detector; plus (Roll D3) either cybersnake, vampires, or scratchers.

RELEVANT SKILLS: Combat Sense +3, Pistol +3, Autoweapon +4, Martial Arts +3, Awareness +2; German +2; Interview +3, Human Perception +2, Interrogation +3, Streetwise +2, Intimidate +2, Wardrobe & Style +3.

OUTFIT: medium-caliber semiautomatic pistol (shoulder rig), epoxide jacket. SMGs, shotguns, grenade launchers, and assault rifles are available in their vehicles and in their barracks, as are flack jackets, helmets, etc. Corporate insurance card.

WHAT NEXT?

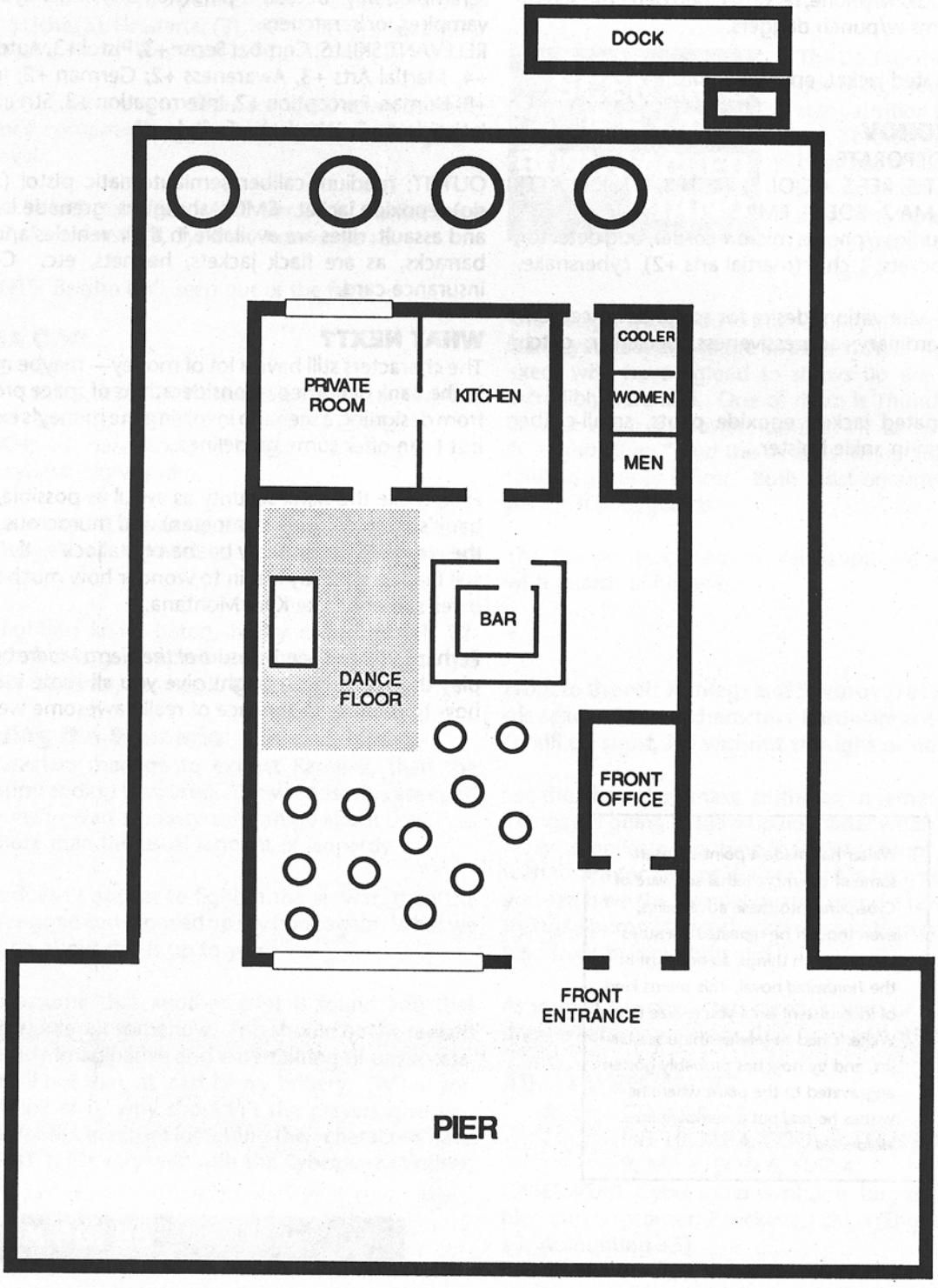
The characters still have a lot of money— maybe millions— in the Bank of Borneo. Considerations of space prevent me from designing a scenario involving the money's extraction, but I can offer some guidelines.

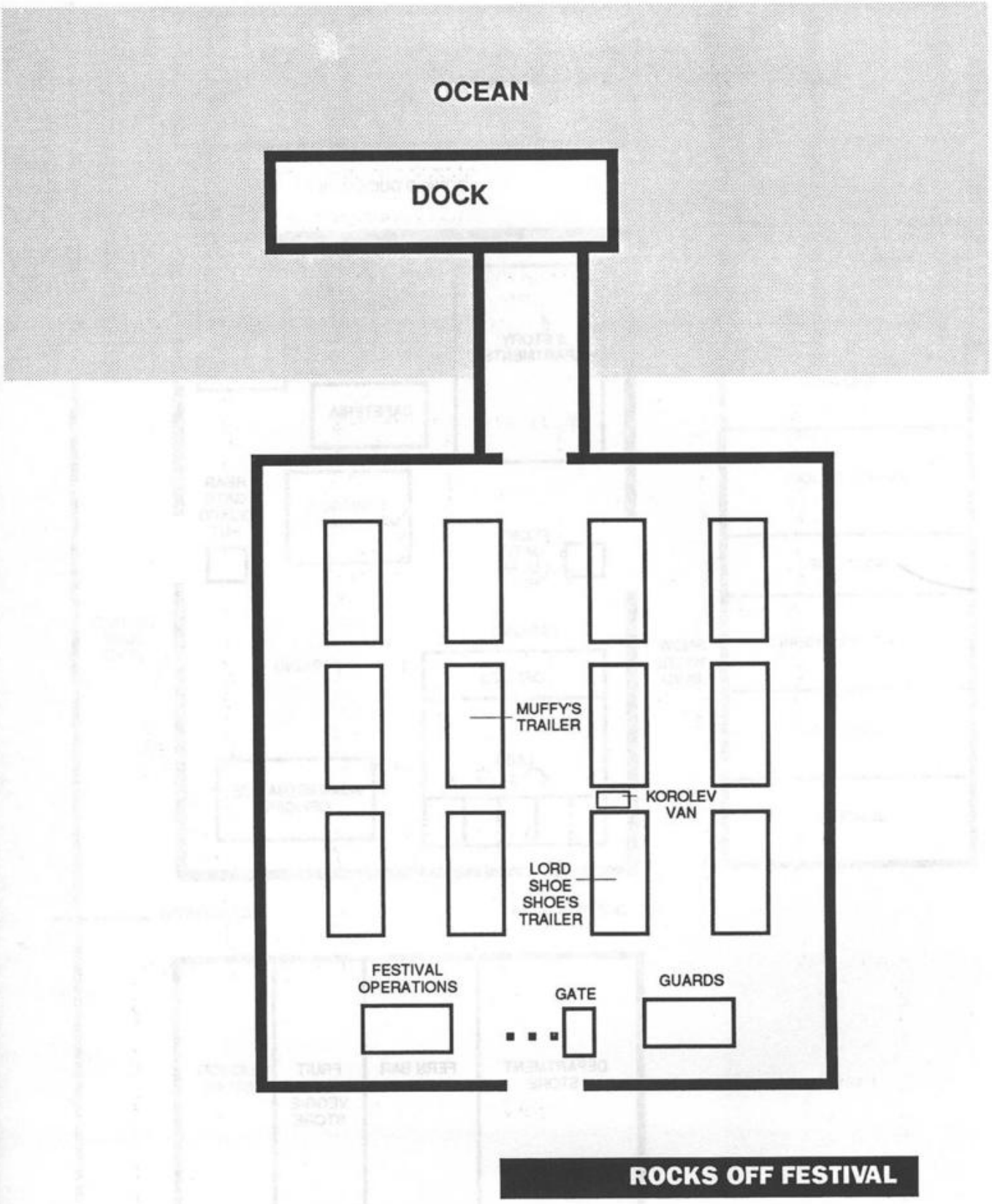
First, make the bank security as awful as possible, and the bank's security forces competent and murderous. Most of the work will presumably be the crystaljock's. If the 'jock is still Blades, she may begin to wonder how much she really owes someone like Kyril Montana.

Perhaps you can see *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* before you play the scenario. It might give you all some ideas about how to behave in the face of really awesome wealth.

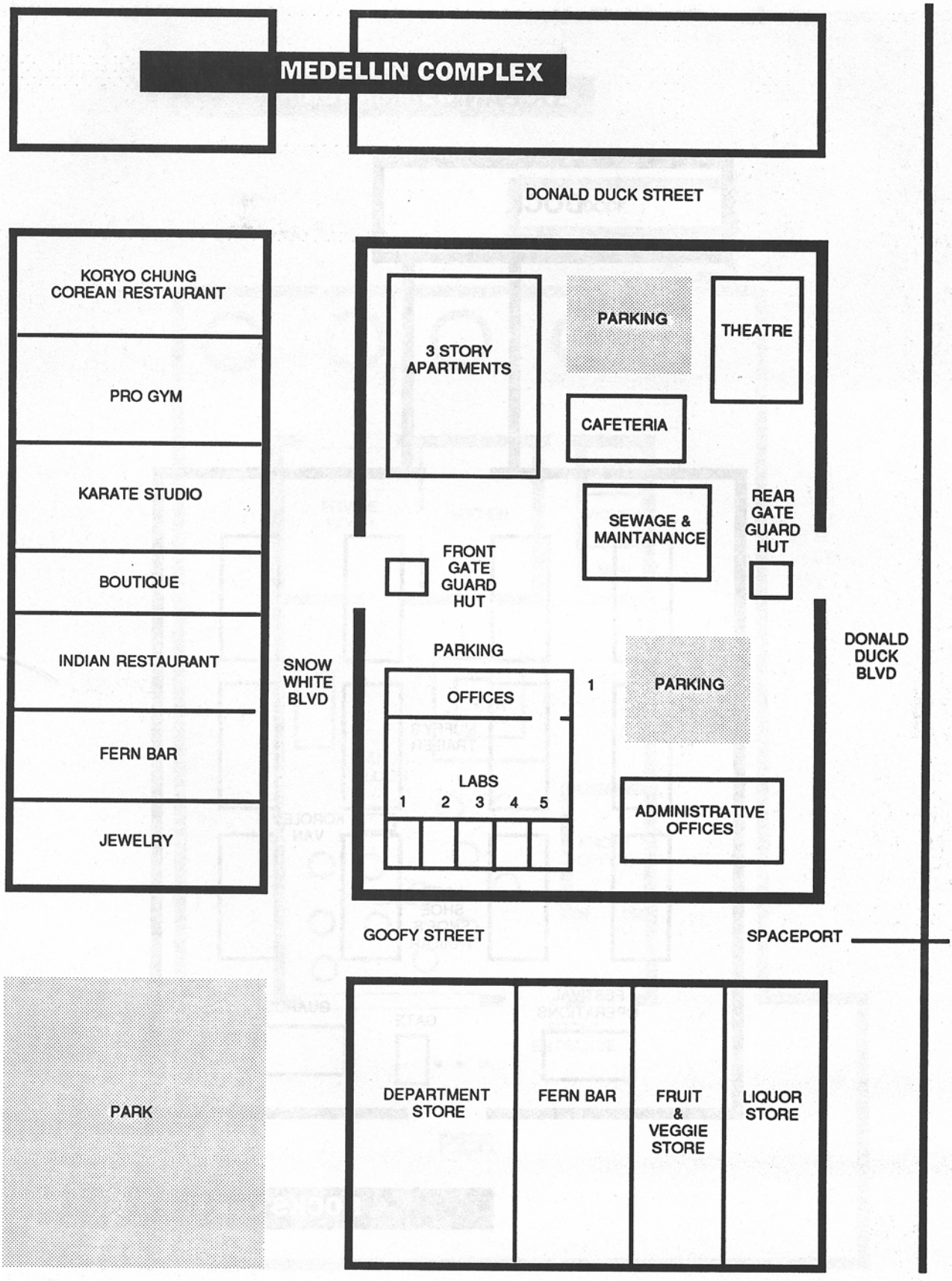
Walter has made a point to insert some of the more lethal software of *Cyberpunk* into these adventures, even though he repeatedly assures me that such things do not exist in the *Hardwired* novel. This seems kind of inconsistent until you realize that Walter's had to referee these scenarios, and by now has probably gotten aggravated to the point where he wishes he *had* put a Vampyre into *Hardwired*.

MOHAMMED'S PLACE





ROCKS OFF FESTIVAL


MEDELLIN COMPLEX
DONALD DUCK STREET
KORYO CHUNG COREAN RESTAURANT
PRO GYM
KARATE STUDIO
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JEWELRY
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THEATRE
CAFETERIA
SEWAGE & MAINTANANCE
REAR GATE GUARD HUT
FRONT GATE GUARD HUT
SNOW WHITE BLVD
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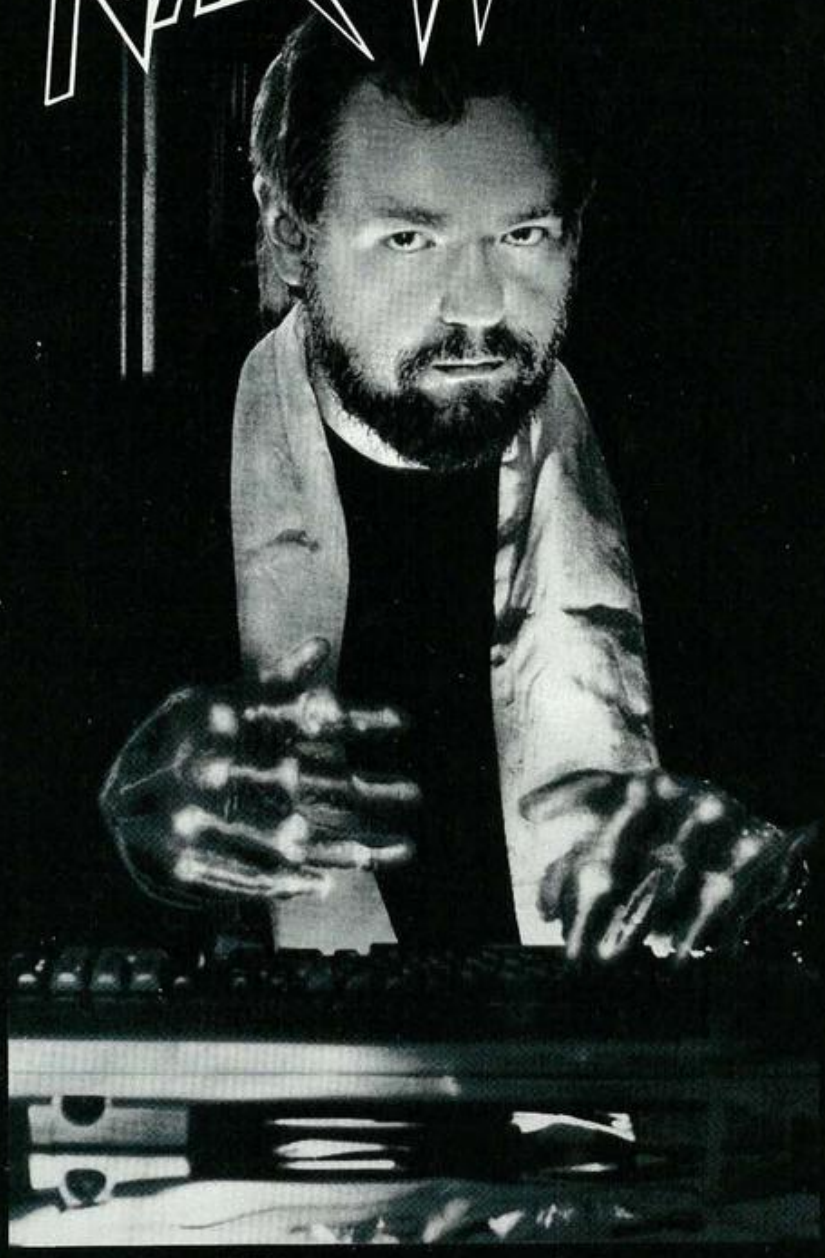

Walter Jon Williams

Mudboys, dirtgirls, zone-dancers, buttonheads. They're all gravity-well dirt beneath the steel boot of the Orbital Platforms which control Earth. But the underground and the underworld have declared war against the Orbital Heaven: in the air with sleek delta fighters and military shuttles, in the interface of computer fraud and data flow, in flooded slum alleys with lasers and bombs. It's a war with new warriors, new legends.

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ISBN # 0-937279-07-2